

N O T E S
A N D
O B S E R V A T I O N S
On the
Empress of Morocco
REVISED.

W I T H
Some few *Errata's* to be Printed instead
of the *Postscript*, with the next Edi-
tion of the *Conquest of Granada*.

[By E. Settle.]

*Impune ergo mihi recitaveris ille Togatas?
Hic Elegos? — Juven.*

L O N D O N.

Printed for William Cademan at the Popes-Head in the Lower
Walk of the New Exchange in the Strand. 1674.

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS ON THE Empires of Morocco REVISED.

WITH
848
Some few Emendations
of the Possession, with the
tion of the Company of

Impressu ergo with
The Rights —

LONDON
Printed for William Cadogan at the Paper-Store in the Strand
WALK of the New Exchange in the Strand 1754

T H E P R E F A C E.

Casting my Eye upon a Pamphlet entitled Notes and Observations on the Empress of Morocco; and finding no Authors name to it, I used my best endeavour to get that knowledge by my Examination of the Style; which the unkind Printer had denied me. But that information was quickly obtain'd: For perusing but the First Page of the Preface, and finding such an Appellation as [Arrogant Upstart and Illiterate Scribler,] with this Allusion at the Tail out, [This Fellow comes amongst the Poets like one of the Earth-born Brethren, and his first business in the World is to Attacque and Murder all his Fellows;] I presently recollect'd the same Fancy, spoken on the same Subject, in the Epilogue to Cambyles.

Like th' Issue of the Dragons Teeth, one Brother
In a Poetick fury falls on th' other.

In the next Page I saw him strutting, and impudently comparing himself to Ben Johnson. [I knew that to write against him was to do him too much honour: But I consider'd Ben Johnson had done it before to Decker our Authors Predecessor, &c.]

And thereupon with very little Conjurat[i]on, by those three remarkable Qualities of Railing, Boasting and Thieving I found a Dryden in the Frontispiece. Then going through the Preface, I observ'd the drawing of a Fools Picture to be the design of the whole piece, and reflecting on the Painter I consider'd, that probably his Pamphlet might be like his Plays, not to be written without help. And according to expectation I discovered the Author of Ep[isto]me-Weils, and the Author of Pandion and Amphigonia lent their assistance. How! Three to One thought it and Three Gentlemen of such disagreeing Qualifications in one Club: The First a Man that has had wit, but is past it; the Second that has it, if he can keep it, and the Third that neither has, nor is ever like to have it. Then boldly on I went, and fortified with patience (as I found it requir'd) for a full perusal, I wonder'd the less at the Diformity of the piece, when such different hands went to the composition. The first of these is the only person that pretends an injury receiv'd from a Satyrick Line or two in the Epistle to Morocco: Such as the Author never design'd

design'd for a particular reflection, and such as I am sure Elkanah would have thank'd him for, provided like them, as they had been true, they had been harmless too. And consequently I conclude him the promoter of so ill-natur'd, and so scurrilous a retort. The Second I suppose only putting his Comical hand to the work, to help forward with the mirth of so ridiculous a Libel: and the Third perhaps out of a Vain Glory of being in Print, knowing himself to be so little a Reptile in Poetry, that hee's beholding to a Lampoon for giving the world to know, that there is such a writer in being. Some have advised me in answering these Notes, to retort upon all Three: But that would be a tedious work, besides the inconvenience of it. The two last had not the same ends in writing, nor are they so fair marks as the First, One having no Heroicks in Print, and the other such as cannot well be Attacked; his Plays being fortified against Objections. For like the Leper that from Head to Foot was all Deformity, I desie any man to meet with above one fault in a whole Play of his. And therefore in defending Elkanahs writings, to examine His, I think not worth the while, a whole Play being too long for a Repartee. But in taking Elkanahs part, I answer but half the Pamphlet: For through the piece I find the whole Town censur'd; at least all that have seen that Play, being by the modest Commentatour Dignified by the Title of Town-Fops and City Fools, this wholesome advice being given you in the Preface, [It will be for the benefit of Mankind to observe what People frequent this Play, that men of common sense may know whom to shun.] Now the calling all Mankind Fools, one would think were the boldest Drydenism that e're came in Print. But to convince you that there's worse behind, this Rude, unmannerly, ill-bred, saucy and over-grown Rayler cannot forbear calling the Ladies Fools too, when he says, [I am not ignorant that his admirers, who are most commonly Women, will resent this ill, &c.] If therefore through the Examination of his Notes, I reply in his Dialect, and use that Billingsgate Style, which is but Aping of him, and much against my own nature, I declare that 'tis a Language that his Unimitable Impudence more than his Quarrel with Morocco, or his Abuses on the Author have extorted from me.

The Reader is desired to take notice in the following Discourse, that all Lines with this Mark —— before them are Mr. Drydens; taken out of several of his Poems: And all Discourse in an Italic Character within these Figures [] are His words in his Notes upon Morocco, or in his Conquest of Granada.

ACT: The El-B

When Forty comes if e're he Likes to Tee

Where by the way you must know he was Eight and Thirty Years Old when he

"But yet he hopes he's young enough to Love."

'Tis in the Garb unhappy Princes mourn

To pass by his Impertinent question, [*are Fetters, the Gripe or the Purple that Princes mourn in.*] here he says [*Muly Labas confesses himself a man of mean Courage;*]

And his reason is this, because if a man *mourns* or *complains*, he must be a *Coward*. Now whether he takes *mourning* for *blubberting* or *howling* I cannot tell, but certainly to make a *Prince* *sad* and *concern'd* for a *King* and *Fathers* unjust *displeasure*; his being the cause of a *Mistriss* Imprisonment, and the occasion of a *War* between her *Father* and his, might be pardonable in any mans writings; but he who dares reflect on Mr. Dryden. But he is so far from being a *Coward* that others think the *Poet* in the whole *Speech* proves the quite contrary, and wonder Mr. Dryden should be so ill a Judge.

Yet Fortune to great Courages is kind:

'Tis he wants Liberty whose Soul's confin'd.

My thoughts out-fly &c—

[Great Courages are here the same thing with unconfin'd Souls; and the sense is, Great Courages or unconfin'd Souls are unconfin'd by the kindness of Fortune; that is, Great Courages are valiant by chance or by good luck] Now every man but our Commentator, that is every Rational man, and one that had but Brains enough to carry the Sense of two Lines in his head; would have construed it thus, yet Fortune that reduces Princes to Fetters is kind to those of Great Courages, for as the following Lines express, it gives e'm an occasion of manifesting their Courage,

To the short Walk of one poor Globe enslav'd.

[A walk of a Globe. Now by Mr. Setcles Leave, a Globe is a round thing, and a thing improper to be walk'd upon: for a woman on a Globe is the Emblem of Fortunes Inconstancy.]

Well argued witty Mr. Dryden. If he means such a kind of Globe, Alexander was enslaved to, Aristotle was very unkind to give his Pupil the trouble of Conquering a World, when an Astronomers Library might have satisfied his Ambition. But we must suppose Mr. Dryden to be of his Indians Belief, that the World is no Globe; and that the Earth is like a Trencher, and the Heavens a Dish whelmed over it, when he says,

“——My Eyes no Object met:

“ But distant Skies that in the Ocean set.”

Or if he will allow the World to be round, perhaps he may have the same opinion of Alexanders expedition, as some Old Women have of Captain Drakes Navigation (for I shrewdly suspect his Faith to be as Ridiculous as his Reason) and having heard him call'd Alexander the Great, supposes him to have been some huge, heavy, monstrous creature; that the Earth shook under him, and consequently 'twas not a Globe fit, or safe for him to walk on. But to judge more favourably of him (for this is most to his advantage) it may be he tells us a Globe is a round thing, to shew us his Skill in Mathematicks.

My Soul mounts higher, and Faces Pow'r disdains;

And makes me reign a Monarch in my Chains, &c.

[But then wherein do his thoughts out-fly Alexanders, Alexanders thoughts were too big for a World; and Muly Labas his for a Prison, as if he should say, he scorn'd the World, but I scorn a Fayle, I am a greater man than he, because he was a greater man than I.]

This Argument is one of the best he has in all his Notes: for the generality of them neither are, nor look like Arguments. But this is a little degree advanced above the Crowd, for this looks like an argument though it be none. For, first he mistakes the whole design of the speech, in mistaking what thoughts those are of

Muly

Muly Labas and *Alexander* which the Poet makes his comparison upon. Because desires of greatness and ambition are thoughts; therefore there can be no other thoughts, or at least the Poet can mean no other. But the whole speech proves that the Poet makes the comparison between the thoughts of their *ambition*, and the satisfaction of their souls, not the extent of their *wisdom*, *dominions*, or *prisons*; which was the more satisfied, not which was the greater Man.

Alexander thought himself confined in a World, and *Muly Labas* thought himself free in a Prison. He was a Slave in Empires, and this a Monarch in Chains.

Thy rage, brave Prince, mean Subjects does despise;
None but thy Son shall be thy Sacrifice.

[Here his Old Emperour is a brave Prince, and why? Because he is so Bloody-minded a man that for Recreation of killing he must pick out his Son for his Sacrifice.]
I would fain ask him if it had not been famous in *Solyman*, when he strangled *Mustapha*, had *Mustapha* really been that Traitor he suspected him.

This darling Object my weak fight invades;
[That is, comes before my weak fight.] Ever since
" A borrid stillness does invade my Ear.

After so excellent a Line, [*Invade*] will be sense no where else!

Such Beauty would make Dungeons loose their shades.
[*Shades for darkness*.] Why not Six Positive.
When I fond Woman in a borrow'd shape,
Was a Conspirator in my own Rape.

[Here *Morena* repents of her hard bargain,] and why? Because she calls her self fond woman, but I should think that a woman of a perfect Character; how great or reasonable soever her passion was, may in modesty call her self fond, for running away from her Father on any score. But Mr. Dryden can make his perfect Characters, fond, Bawdy and Impudent, and not know they are so, or at least never blush for their being so, as for Example, His beloved *Almahide*, who being present amongst other *Granadin Damsels*, at the Famous Trial of Skill, alias the Bull-baiting, and seeing the Butcher-like discords that arose between the Bear-garden assembly of the *Zegryes* and the *Abencerrages*, where for a quarrel raised at this merry-meeting, they proceed to a national contention, and as he says,

" ——— prepare
" For all the last extremities of War.
The prettiest way of setting a whole Nation together by the ears, (next to falling out at *Hos-cockles*,) that e're I read of: This fair *Almahide* (I say) who
" (Who did with weeping Eyes these discords see,
" And fears the Omen may unlucky be)
" Prepares a Zambra to be danc'd to Night!
" In hopes some pleasures may their minds unite.

Which Entertainment is as follows,

First it begins with a Song, more Bawdy then,

" The Nymph did more quick, and the shepherd more slow, &c.
Where after a great deal of other amorous stuff, you come to
" ———— Thou, thou, she cryed,
" Thou use a harmless Maid, ——— and so she dyed.
" I wak'd and straight I knew
" A Lov'd so well, it made my Dream prove true.

Fancy

After such a plentiful treat of rank Beauty, of Almabides preparing, I need not describe her Character: But perhaps Mr. Dryden will answer that a woman of her Quality might keep a Dauphin, and the Bawdy entertainment was her Fault; or else he may tell us, that he wrote this to please the Age, who are best delighted with languishing Songs in this Style: And therefore the making a Woman of Honour, or a Girl in a Comedy, talk Bawdy, or take pleasure in hearing it, is all alike to him.

Next for her Zambra, which in a Marginal Note is a Dance. Here he makes a Company of Moores Dance, and make adoration to a Statue of Jupiter. How agreeing Images are to the Mahometan Worship, and what League Jupiter and Mahomes can have, I leave to the judicious to censure: But now for Almabides modesty. This Scene is the first time that Almanzor and Almabide come to a conference, he having never seen her before, nor she him but in a Crowd, at the aforesaid Bull-baiting, where you must understand after such a Tryal of Strength, as his cutting off a Bulls head with his Sword in one blow; and that so quick, that the head bellowed after it was off,

"*Making imperfect bellowing as it went.*"

She saw enough to charm any woman of her constitution that fancied a good Womans man, [a terrible man,] and one [awfully noble] as she calls him; and therefore at the first sight of Almanzor she falls at his feet and cries,

"*Stay Mighty Conqueror, turn your face this way;*"

Do not refuse to hear the wretched pray. Then unwilling she desires him to [say his Thunder by,] and look more kindly on her. When after a long and Loving Harangue he being smitten at first sight, as well he might, she tells him [she is promised to Boabdelin] and petitions him [to protect her against the outrage of insulting men.] Now wherein she was wronged, and what insulting men they were, she seares, I cannot learn, unless she meant her Parents, who scoulded her to this match with Boabdelin, a man whom hitherto in the play she can have found no fault with, unless she doubts she shall not find him so lusty as Almanzor, and so not so fit for her Tune. For as to the Quarrel between the two families she had been told before that if her Enemies overcame, as yet they had not, [no Sword will hurt the fair.] Besides had she been taken Prisoner by the adverse party, she would have had the comfort to have been eased of her displeased Boabdelin which would have made some amends for her Captivity, but at worst to prevent the fear, you see how she compounds before hand with Almanzor for her Ransome.

He infinitely pleas'd with this kind coming Beauty, makes a Thundering deal of Love. But she tells him,

"*'Tis but in vain*"

"*Fate for each other did not ordain.*"

"*The chances of this day too plainly show*"

"*That Heaven took care what is should not be so.*"

The reasonable meaning of which is, she is sorry his Cake is dough, and that he came not soon enough to speed, for [that this very day she had past her promise to Boabdelin] and that [Their Love was tyed by holy vows above.]

Where you must note her Breach of a Contract made in the face of Heaven, and her disobedience to her Parents are no stops to hinder her from making Love

at first meeting to *Almanzor*. Now to 'complaint of her Contracted Husband, in sufficiency before she had lain with him; and to a stranger in my esteem is very comical. Nay to condemn a King too, for the sake of one who might have been but a Butcher or a Car-man for ought she knew, is very loving. But Love pardons all that, she has seen *Almanzor*, and she likes him, and by her own quick apprehension finding him to be somewhat rough, and of an [unfashioned nature] she speaks her mind freely, fearing least giving him too little glimpse of her kindness at the first interview, he should prove such a block-head as not to understand her meaning, or if he did, might be so blunt a Courtier as not to have the patience to lay a long seige to a fair Lady, and therefore 'tis policy in her to secure him: and though as before she told him she was to be married and consequently not fit for his turn that way, yet this first kind meeting would make Mr. Drydens readers believe she would grant him *Dufoys* kindness, be his friend upon occasion. Had not his darling *Conquest of Granada* had the start of the *Mamamouchi* the World would have suspected he had stolen his *Almahide* from Mr. Jordans German Princess, who just at this rate runs away from Mr Jordan to fly to the protection of the worthy Knight Sir Simon Softhead.

Was a Conspirator in my own rape.

[A Conspirator in her own rape is nonsense, for consent makes it no rape.]

Now will I be hang'd if he has ever heard of any other kind of rape, than downright Ravishing. I thought stealing Women from their Parents, Husbands, or Guardians had been Rape, though with their own Consents. If Mr. Laureat had not been above the Learning of a School Boy, and had ever read of the *Gracian Wars*, he might have heard of the Rape of *Helene*, who conspired with *Paris* to run away from her Husband, and yet for some thousands of years, the World has been so foolish as to call it a Rape. If such dull objections against *Morocco*, are Mr. Drydens *Justice*, it is the feeblest that ever wrote Satyre, but if he knows no better, and his Ignorance makes such gross Errors, I may say in his own words as *M. s. Millefent* does to *Sr. Martin*. They are the foolishest mistakes of a witty man that ever I heard of.

Heir only now t' an unkind Fathers Frown;

His witty Observation [that frowns are at best but goods and chattels,] and afterwards (no shapes of ill can come within her Sphear) *Hi-brik askig* [what parts of a woman is her Sphear] (where by the way I might as well ask him what kind of gentle fall his *Abdaka* means, when he says of *Lyndaraxa*,

"While she is mine I have not yet lost all

"but in her arms shall have a gentle fall")

And in the Fourth Act his greasy Jest [He Churne him] for—I'll work him from the Town up to the Camp. These and several other of his smart Quibbles in his Cambridge Dialect, put together, are richly worth the credit of a Suit of Cloaths, if his *Taylor* in the *Wild Gallant* had the making of them.

*Our Amorous flights like threatening Comets are
Which thus draw after them a train of Blood.*

[An amorous thing is compared to a threatening thing; a flight to a Comet; a fault so great that there are scarce so many Syllables in his Lines as Non sensical meanings:] but now if both of them are fore-runners of Blood, I think they may be compared, and the Simile so firm that if the *Amorous flights* had been call'd *Threatning flights*, it had been Sence, when she was like to dy for her flight. But all this *Scriblers Similes* want so many Grains of Mr. Drydens weight, that they are

every Syllable Non-sence, though for no other reason. But now for a taste of his: His *Placidius* having *Valerius* promise of Marriage, and being conscious that though he was like to possess her, *Porphyrius* had her Heart, says,

"He like a subtle Worm has eat his way

"And Lodg'd within does on the Kernel prey.

"I Creep without, and doubtless to remove

"Him hence, wait only for the Husk of Love.

A very passionate *Simile*, besides the Poets flight to compare his Hero to a Maggot, a thought so low that were he as he calls this young Author a School Boy, he would not have dared to write so meanly for fear of whipping! But now for the sence. He like a *Subtle Maggot* is got to the *Kernel*, now 't would not be amiss to ask him, (as he sayes of *Morenas Sphear*) what part of *Valeria* is her *Maggot eaten Kernel*? But to go on, I creep without, &c. That is, I another *Maggot* not so subtle as *Porphyrius* creep without the *Shell*, waiting till he has left it to creep into the *Empty Husk*. Which by his favour, besides the nauseousness of the *Simile*, is no true Position: For who believes that one *Maggot* waits for the Nuthel another has left. He talks in one of his *Prologues* of *servilely creeping after sence*: If this be not *servilely creeping*, I am much mistaken. But the sence in it he must find out. But no matter for that, this *Unmistakable Laureat* has an infinite charming way of *Allegories*, and *Kernel of Affection*; and *Husk of Love* are delicate; but so much for his *Creeping*. Now for his *soaring*; which you must understand he seldom ventures at, for indeed in *Airy walks*, (which he did well to make remarks on) he's out of his *Element*. But when he does *mourn*, like some heavy Fowl that is much troubled to rise, yet when once up has a very strong Wing, he stretches to purpose. *Almanzor to Almabide*.

[Pag. 144.]

"When e're you speak

"Were my wounds mortal they should still bleed on;

"And I would listen till my Life were gon.

"My Soul should ev'n for your last accents stay,

"And then shoot out, and with such speed obey;

"It should not bat at Heaven to stop its way.

Now would I ask him if Heaven be but a *Baiting place* in *Almanzors way*; (besides the Comical Metaphor of *Souls baiting*) where is his *Souls journey* end. If this be sence.—But perhaps Mr. Dryden will answer, that he makes him speak this, to keep up his Character even after death, and as he scorn'd *Empires*, and was above his *Kinz* when he lived, when he dyes his Soul shall scorn *Heaven*, and be above his *God*. But where shall the *Laureat* must find out. But then what does he mean by [with such speed obey] If for a *touch* I'm satisfied; But if for sence: Does he mean *Almabides* command! No, for she desires him to have his wounds dress'd, and to live for her sake. Well, if he cannot mean Her he means the *Summons of Death*; then, that calls his Soul out to this rare piece of activity, the aforetold flight. That indeed with a *subintelligitur* may be sence, but then 'tis the first time that *Almanzor* ever own'd Obedience to any thing but *Almabide*. But what's a greater fault then either of these in this speech (for these, being but gross oversights, in a mans *Dorage* are pardonable) he uses a *Metaphorical expression* for his *Souls flight*, that is, [shoot out] taken from an *Arrow*, and then in the same sentence he takes another from a *Traveller* and a *Road*; and alludes to *Baiting by the way*. This great pretender to Learning has not wit enough to make an *Allegory*, but Violates the common School boy Rules of sence, and puts two disagreeing *Metaphors* into one sentence:

And

And so *Almanzor's* Soul; (the Allusion made out;) sets out an *Arrow*, and comes to Heaven a Traveller. Perhaps he'll say he uses [*aiming*] in a Faulconers sence and so it alludes to a *Hawk*. But an *Arrow* and a *Hawk* is as Ridiculous,

As Purgatory does make way for Heaven.

[*As if the Mahumetians belov'd a Purgatory*] a very learn'd remark.

Read History Mr. Historiographer, and be better inform'd, and prethy blunder no more at this damnable rate. But considering the Crime of his *Epistle* 'tis just *Elkanah* should suffer gentle *Correction*, as he calls it; and indeed if this be his *Correction* 'tis the gentlest that sinner e're suffered yet.

*And has my Father—Shall we then—and are
Our Love and Hopes, &c.—and afterwards*

*Has he—it cannot be.—Has he decreed—
Morena must not—no she shall not bleed.*

Here *Muly Labas* for speaking half *Sentences*, at his sudden and unexpected surprize of hearing he shall possess his *Mistress*, and afterwards his hearing of her death, is sharply reprov'd for stammering a kind of *Poetical Non-sence*. His *Almanzor* on a less surprize then either of these two says to *Almahide*, you are—you shall—and I can scarce forbear; and his *Maximin* But you shall find—bust take her from my fight. Examples of which are very frequent in all Writers; but *Witty* and *Elegant* in none but Mr. *Dryden*.

*And the same Jealousie that made his Breath
Decree your Chains, makes him pronounce your Death.*

Here he is infinitely angry that the Poet gives an *Emperours Breath* the power of decreeing a mans Imprisonment, and says. [*He perverts the whole order of nature, and makes men see with their Ears, and hear with their Noses*] but how he has not told us.

[*O Breath! Wonderful Breath!* Breath is so beloved a word with Mr. *Settle*, that it does all things with him, it decrees, nay in the next page it writes, paints, guilds, prints, or something like it.] His witty Antagonist has found the word [*Breath*] used a Dozen times in one Play, that is in 2300 Lines, a very great Indecorum. Nay in his *Observations* on the *Epistle* he has found the word [*Smiles*] four times in *Cambyses* and *Morocco*, and therefore, [*Smiles*] must be wonderful, as well as his *Favourite Breath*. If I should count how many times his *Vivarambla* and *Mirador*, and other *rustian words* of Bulk enough, to be more powerful then *Breath*, are repeated in *Granada*. You'd think the Author very affect'd, that he cannot name a *Balcone*, or a *Market place* but it must run in *Spanish*, *Mirador* and *Vivarambla*. And why? Because his *Scene* lyes there. Nay he makes *Almanzors* *Ginnet*, *Poetically* *Scap'd Fiery Arab*—

"(*Who, while his Rider every stand survey'd*

" *Sprung loose; and flew into an Escapade.*)

In Compliment to the Scene of the Play, keep the Rules of *Heroick*, and *Prance* in *Spanish*.

Or should I count how many times he uses that damn'd canting abso'ute word [*Host*] for *Army* in one Play. [*Granada p. 73.*]

" *A Braver man I had not in my Host—*

" *Had we not seen Host of Lovers here, &c.*

p. 73.

You

You would not think him that man of *high conversation* he pretends to die, if such are his fashionable English words. I confess the *Incomparable Cowley*, a friend that Mr. Dryden makes bold with very often, uses the word in his *David's*. But then 'tis on a Jewish story where the subject, and the Translation of the Scripture has naturalized the word.

*Her gentle Breath already from just fame,
Has kindly entertain'd your glorious name.*

[*Here Breath bears*] But how the words mean so, he would have done well to have inform'd us. I should have guess'd that *her gentle breath, kindly entertain-ing his name*, had signified *she had spoke kindly of him*. Sure [*entertain*] is a strange word in thy Nomenclature. If all manner of entertainments with thee can gratify only the Ear: If a *Miss*, *Bottle*, and *Fiddle*, can please none of thy senses but *Hear-ing*, take my word, (old friend) the best of thy senses are impair'd, and thy best days done, (Dear Heart.) *She gave him Breath by which he does command.*

Spoke to in the Third Act.

— *Whose Courageous Breath,
Can set such glorious Characters on Death.*

This being the only [*Breath*] in the next Page (as thou saidst before) after.—And the same jealousy that made his *Breath*, &c. *Muti Guild*, *Paint*, *Print*, *Write*, &c. To set a good or ill Character on a thing would be contrived to *speak in praise or dis-praise* of a thing by any body but him, but with him it signifies to *Paint*, *Write*, *Guild*, *Print*, &c.

[*Nay he makes Breath transmute like Souls, and subsist after a mans death in Parchment and Paper.*]

Act. Third. *For this Guilt our Prophets Breath,
Has in his sacred Laws pronounc'd your Death.*

Take my advice, and if thy Book be worth reprinting, leave out [*transmute like Souls* :] They are hard words thou dost not understand. If the Prophets Breath did *transmute like Souls*, (as thou saidst,) it could ne're have subsisted in Paper nor Parchment, unless Parchment and Paper, are sensitive creatures in thy Philosophy.

But where is the fault in saying the Prophets Breath in his Sacred Laws pro-nounces death on such or such an offender?

Why may not the Mahumetans have as great a veneration for their Faith, as the Christians and Jews for theirs, who for thousands of Years have call'd that the Word, which was but the Inspiration of a Divinity. And he will be it (if they believe their Prophet from his own mouth deliver'd his Law when he lived upon Earth, and allow it still to have the same power,) to say what his Breath utter'd once, it does still.

— *when e're she bleeds,
He no severer a Damnation needs,
That dures pronounce the Sentence of her Death;
Than the Infection that attends that Breath.*

This Fellow that would speak sense if he could, when he would make an ob-jection and say, *The Queen must die first*, and be condemned afterwards, puts his meaning down in these words. [*The Sentence is not to be pronounc'd till the con-demned party bleeds* ; (that is) *she must be Executed first, and sentenced after*] which

is in other words. The party must not be condemned till the condemned party bleeds; (that is) the party must bleed first, and be condemned after. Did ever man make so many stumbles in so little a way? In the first part he says, [the sentence is not to be pronounced till the condemned party (which is that has been sentenced) bleeds,] there being confounded between two words [sentence] and [condemned] he makes as great a blunder as if a man should say the five Vowels are not five yet, but shall be. But leaving out [condemned] and saying, the sentence is not to be pronounced till the party bleeds, then he means it must be pronounced when the party bleeds, which he to illustrate says, [that is, after the party has bled] viz. [she must be Executed first, and sentenced after.] Was ever such a Disputant: But granting what he would say, if he had sense. How is the sentence paid after the Execution? At worst he can but argue, that the sentence is given at the same time she bleeds, not after it: For *dares pronounce, bleeds, and needs*, are all one sense. But now for the blind-side of this great Master in English: He who *dares pronounce* her Sentence, (which may as well be given this Minute, as any other time,) when ever she bleeds, which is when she shall bleed, for [when ever] makes a present tense have a future signification, and implies the bleeding is to come, otherwise it must have been [now she bleeds.] Then the sense is, he who *dares pronounce* her death when she shall bleed, shall need no greater torment, &c. For [needs] is of a future signification, as well as [bleeds] for wherever [when] is express [then] must be either express, or understood; and so the principle Verb [needs] must necessarily be of the same tense with [bleeds.] But now for the [liberal Mists of Nonsense] which to prepare your Stomachs for, [he tells you is a coming.]

For when we're dead, and our freed Souls enlarg'd,
Of natures grosser burdens we're discharg'd.
Then gentle as a happy Lovers Sigh,
Like wandring Meteors through the Air we'll fly:
And in our airy Walk as subtle Guests,
We'll steal into our cruel Fathers Breasts,
There read their Souls, and track each Passions Sphære,
See how revenge moves there, Ambition here.
And in their Orbs view the dark Characters,
Of Seiges, Ruins, Murders, Blood, and Wars.
We'll blot out all those hideous Draughts, and write
Pure and white forms; we'll with a radiant light
Their Breasts incircle till their Passions be
Gentle as Nature in its Infancy.
'Till soft'n'd by our Charms their Furies cease,
And their Revenge dissolves into a Peace.
Thus by our Deaths appeas'd, their Quarrel ends;
Whom living we made Foes, Dead we'll make Friends.

The design of which is an *Airy Discourse* of what their Souls shall do when they are dead, by stealing into their cruel Fathers breasts, and reconciling the Enmities between 'em. Now if she says more than she can do, that is not the matter. [But wandring Meteors, hideous Draughts, dark Characters, radiant Lights, white Forms, and a great deal of such insignificant stuff is damn'd Non-sense.] This is the first time Mr. Dryden has been i'th right: Such a parcel of confused words put together without ever a word between 'em to make 'em sense, would indeed be very insignificant. However sense or Non-sense the Reader is oblig'd to this Speech for its being occasion of so *Poetical a party* as his [Will in a Wisp, Madge with a

Candle, Flick in a Lamborn, &c.] A Discourse so jauntie that 'tis the first you have met with yet, that has been all clear wit, and no *Billingsgate*. I remember a Speech of *Berenice* to *Porphyrius*, where she says what she'll do when she comes [*all Soul and Spirit to Porphyrius Love,*] where amongst the rest she cries,

" At Night I will within your Curtains peep;
" With empty arms embrace you when you sleep."

And pray why may not *Morena's* soul play at *Bo peep* in her *Fathers* bosome, as well as *Berenices* at *Porphyrius* bedside. But to embrace a man with empty arms that indeed none but *Mr. Drydens* *Berenice* can do: But truly I thought good *Porphyrius* a lastier Lover then so, to appear *nothing* in her arms. So witty an expression would make me run into the *Authors* praise in his own Phrase, and say, he has an empty head, full of excellent fancies.

—— Through the Air we'll fly;
And in our Airy walk, &c.

Here he has a more particular Objection against Airy walk.

[*An Airy walk of a flyer.*]

A Wittier Poet then e're *Mr. Dryden* was or can hope to be (though his own *arrogance* will admit of no equal) was not guilty of *Nonsense*, when he said in his Second Book of *Metamorphosis*, speaking of the wing'd *Horses* of the *Sun*, when *Phaeton* drove e'm.

—— *Tritumque relinquunt*

Quadrjugi spatium——

Now if wing'd *Horses* could fly in a beaten track, I guess an Airy walk for a soul to fly in, is no *Nonsense*. I'm certain an Airy walk for a place of flight is less Poetical, then his featherd sons; for young Birds in his Rival Ladies.

" —— Birds ne're impose
" A rich plumed Mistriss on their featherd Sons.

The Ancient World did but too modest prove;
In giving a Divinity to Love.

[A Divinity is a trifling thing! Love ought to have been something above a Divinity. Though what that thing is no body can tell, nor is there any such thing, yet that thing Love is.]

The Poets plain meaning of these Lines is: That the World in calling Love a Divinity, gave it an Attribute below it, for Love he says afterwards has a Power above that of a Divinity. But then the Commentatour desires you to think that he means 'tis so infinitely above it, that a Divinity is but a trifle. As if a man in saying a Diamond is worth more than a Ruby, must needs infer a Ruby is worth nothing. Next being told Love is above a Divinity, he asks what that thing is that is above a Divinity, for he knows nothing that is or can be so. A very pretty Question! How many are the Ten Commandments. But for his more reasonable Question, [How is Love, or the Power of Love above that of a Divinity.]

Heaven but Creates, but Love refines our Souls;
[As if refining were a greater work than Creation.]

Well said *Elkanah*.

Now

Now of all places I wonder he should stick here: I durst lay a wager that if a man should make any comparison between a Hundred such *unrefined Souls* as Poet Sculter, and the Soul of one Poet Dryden, he'd take it for a greater affront, than an Epistle to Morocco. But to come nearer to the purpose, he that takes Mr. Drydens argument, and holds the Creation of Souls above the refining of them, may like the old Proverb compare *Sua Minerva*, or believe a Cornish Bore, or a wild Arablan, a better man than a *Fully* or an *Aristotle*.

Another fault is. [*Criminalbaz and Laula do not agree in any part of their two descriptions of the old Emperours death, and they being both profess'd Lyars who must be believed;*] I observe through his whole Pamphlet to make his accusation true, [*that there are not four Lines together sense in the whole Play.*] To prove every thing Non-sense he will have so, he either implicitly begs his Readers to believe the Authors meaning to be *thus*, or *thaw*, contrary to their Reason or the Poets design, for his own purpose; or else by never taking notice of the dependance of what goes before, or what follows, gives a plausible argument against *this* or *that* expression, when the Props of all sense in a Discourse, Connexion and Circumstance are taken away. Or when these fail, tells you how *such* or *such* a thing may be altered to be made Non-sense. As for example, here should the Contrivers and Actors of the Emperours Murder have held in *one Tale*, in publick and private, as he finds fault they don't: And have told *Muly Labas* the same thing they own'd amongst themselves of his Fathers Murder, they would certainly have been greater Fools than he would make you believe *Muly Labas* is.

*Then with his dying Breath his Soul retir'd,
And in a sullen sigh his Life expir'd.*

[*That is, just as he dyed, he dyed, and when he dyed, his Soul expir'd, and his Life retired, and he dyed.*]

I have been told that before a mans life be ended, his Breath and Soul must be gone, and that all this had been but once dying, but all Malice and no Wit, has found out 'tis dying six times over.

Another fault is, [*Muly Labas at the news of his Fathers Death, and the enjoying of Morena, in his surprize makes his grief and joy play at Leap-Frog.*]

*For those just tears which nature ought to employ
To pay my last Debt to his Memory,
The Crowning of my passion disallows;
Grief slightly sits on happy Lovers Brows.*

[*Here he's so overjoy'd for Morena, he has little sense of his Fathers Death; in his next speech he absolutely contradicts it.*]

*Enjoy a Throne and my Morena wed.
A joy too great were not my Father dead.*

[*Here his great sorrow for his fathers Death, allays his joy for Morena.*]

Now for Mr. Drydens Logick, a great sense of sorrow and a little sense of sorrow are [*absolute contradictions*] with him, I thought sorrow and no sorrow had been contradictions. The poorest Freshman in the University would be scolded for half so great a blunder, but Mr. Dryden is a great professor of Learning, if you'll believe himself or his flatterers, and so cannot sin.

Delirant Reges, placentur Achivi.

But

But granting this mistake in our Laureat to be nothing; as for my part if you'll all agree I am very willing to grant it, and can as easily forgive the *Non-sense* he writes now for the *sense* he has writ; as some charitable people cherish old *Lame Horses* for their past services, and the strength they have had: But now I am in the pardoning humour, I'll examine his natural *Philosophy* in this Argument, and now my hand is in, forgive his mistakes in that too. If he be against [*Muly Labas* his joy jumping over his grief; and his grief jumping over his joy [as he calls it,] then he must be for their not jumping one o're another, unless he be like Mr. *Jordan* that would have his language naitber in *Purse* nor *Prose*. First he'll grant *Muly Labas* had reason to be joyful for the enjoyment of his *Mistress*, and sorry for his *Fathers* death, and at these two surprises he must either *think* and *reflect* upon them severally or together, but together he cannot; for 'tis a Maxim in nature that no man can think of two things, much less two such contraries as *Joy* and *Grief*, at one and the same Moments: and words being the discription of thoughts, to speak e'm so as is impossible. If then they cannot *Jump* but by turns, *Tarbox Muly Labas* is not the Fool this boue. But now for [*the most unintelligible piece of Non-sense has been met with yet.*]

Heaven fix our swelling passions to our Souls.

[If every word had been *Sphers*, *Orbs*, *Infection*, *White Forms*, &c. the *sense* had been as good.] But now for this *Gordian*, Heaven predestins nothing for any man that should raise him to an excess of joy or grief, or any other passion more than what he can bear, which I think is *fitting passions to our souls*: The *Soul* being the seat of *Passions*. But though it be not *Non-sense*, yet *unintelligible* I'll grant it is, viz. with Mr. *Commentatour*. *Sense* and *Understanding* I confels have been formerly of his acquaintance, but he has long since shook hand with them, I assure you. And indeed I commend him for it, he consults his own ease in it, as a man ought to do at his *Yeare*, and why should he burden himself more than his occasion requires.

*When some great fortune to Mankind's convey'd,
Such blessings are by Providence allay'd,
Thus Nature to the World a Sun creates,
But with cold Winds his pointed rays rebates.*

[*Cool winds allay the blessing of the scorching Sun.*] Why the *scorching Sun*? O, yes, the blessing of the *scorching Sun* looks like a *Contradiction*; and therefore [*scorching*] is the word for thy turne.

Well to humour the *Child* [*scorching*] shall be the word: But then sure the heat of the Sun that scorches men, produces *Plants* and *Fruits*, &c. and though it offends their *Bodies*, it maintains their *Lives*, and if this be not a *blessing*, *Notes* is infallible: Nay, where the heat of the Sun is so excessive that it makes the Earth barren, as to the production of plants, yet there it operates another way, and produces *Gold*. And there are those who (say *Bays* what he can) will think that a *blessing* too.

*Thy early growth we in thy Chains had crasht,
And mix'd thy Ashes with thy Fathers dust.*

[*A strange Engine it must be that can crush a man to Ashes, and as strange a Poyson that can turn a man to Dust in two bowres time, for it could be no longer since the Emperour dyed.*]

Bear

Bear up briskly *Laureat*, there you have him : For the Poet lyes Divellishly if he tells you that his *Emperour* can be really *Dust and Ashes* in so little a time. But if *Mr. Dryden* had ever had a friend worth following to the Grave, he would have heard e're this time of *Dust to Dust and Ashes to Ashes*, said of those that had been neither of them. How common a Figure is this in Discourse. Does his *Monarque* (when he says of *Cortez*.

“ Grant only he who has such honour shown,
“ When I am dust may fill my empty throne.”

Desire that *Cortez* may not enjoy his Throne immediately after his Death, but stay till he is *Dust* first: See what *mistakes* his *malice* makes, though to his own disadvantage. He has two more observations of the same kind in the Fifth Act. page 55. *His Blood shall pay what to your Brothers dust I owe, [He turn'd Dust very quickly in a Country which preserves Mummy 3000. years.]*

Page 57. So may my Body rot when I am dead,
Till my rank Dust has such contagion bred,
My Grave may dart forth Plagues, as may strike Death
Through the infected Air where thou drawst Breath.

[By that time it is Dust, it will cease to be rank, and consequently breed no contagion, if it breed none before.] Well but to make it sense in *Bays* his Style let it run thus,

So may my Body rot when I am dead,

Till my rank Putrifaction, or rank Corruption, or Filth, Nastiness or the like. How delicately this would run in *Heroick Verse*, and how proper and pleasant would it be for a Gentleman to speak, and an Audience to hear. If the Author had used [Dust] in a strict sense, (as *Bays* to make it Non-sense would have you believe he does) he should not have said, so may my body rot when I am dead, till my rank Dust, &c. but thus. After my Body has done rotting may my rank Dust, &c. for I take it, the Rotting must be over before it be really Dust. This Positive Critick here would find infinite fault, with such an expression as [the Turkish Crown] and to bring it to his sense, alter it, and say Turkish Turbant, for they wear no Crowns.

Poison'd my Husband, Sir, and if there need,
Examples to instruct you in the deed,
I'll make my actions plainer understood,
Copying his Death on all the Royal Blood.

[She will instruct him by an Example to do a deed that's done, and by an Example that must be Copied after his Example, which he again is to Copy, &c.] A great deal more pudder he makes about a Copy and a Copy and a Copy, &c. This Objection has a little of the Polish in it, for he talks of a Copy much at the rate of the Cloak-bag: But now to the Argument. [she will instruct him to do a deed that's done, &c.] Here hee's at his old way of Begging the meaning, but a wiser Body would have guesst her meaning to have been, that for his better understanding what she had already done, she would give him more examples of the same kind for his instruction.

I am a Convert, Madam, for kind Heaven,
Has to Mankind immortal Spirits given,

E

And

*And Courage is their Life: but when that sinks,
And to tame Fears and Coward faintness shrinks,*

[Which be writes into tame Fears, &c. which quite alters the sense.]

*We the great work of that bright frame destroy,
And shew the world that even our Souls can dy.*

[The Poet is at his Mock Reasons,] But I am afraid the Commentatour is, [Crim-
malbaz is converted to Villany for the very Reasons he should be honest.] If Crimal-
baz be beyond the fear of damnation and is posselt that in being *Ambitious, Villanous,*
and *Bloody*, he does well and nobly, 'tis Non-sense for him to call himself other-
wise then a convert to Villany for Conversion and Apostasy are sense only as they respect
the Opinion or Faith of him that speaks 'em. A Roman Catholick shall tell you of
such Protestants made Converts to his Religion, and a Protestant of such Converts of
Catholicks to his, and so with Turks and Christians, &c. And yet they all speak sense.
If any good Character in the Play that believed Crimalbaz his Tenens ill had said
he had been converted to Villany, it had been Non-sense: But hang consideration,
Mr. Dryden's above it. But for his next Objection, [Riddle my Riddle, can Courage
become Cowardise, or Immortality mortal,] What pretty Sophistry is this? A Coura-
geous man it is possible may turn a Coward, which is the sense of the very words, for
when Courage in a man sinks and gives way to fear and Cowardise, that Courageous
man turns a Coward, but not his Courage Cowardise: No more then I can say of
any thing that was white once, and is now dyed black that the whiteness is become
blackness. But his Objections are many of them built upon this salacy to make re-
flections upon Incoherence in qualities instead of persons and things. But then how
does Crimalbaz say Immortality becomes mortal? He says, Heaven has given immor-
tal Souls to Men, viz. to those men whose Courages are so, Courage as he thinks being
the Life of the Soul. But those, whose Courages can fade, be corrupted and dye,
their Souls by consequence can do so too. So he affirms that true Courage, viz. that
which cannot decline makes Souls immortal, but Cowardise mortal.

*And by such subtilties his Breast infect,
'Till he his Generals Loyalty suspect.*

[No body can infect another with a disease which he has not himself, or carries not
about him some way or other. Hametalbaz then must have suspicion of the Generals
Loyalty, or carry the Disease about him, else he cannot infect the King with it.] Did
ever any man make such a pudder for nothing. First [Infect] is *Transitive*, as *Regi-
gars* for stragling, it transgresses its bounds, and therefore Mr. Critick by Con-
stable Law confines it home to the place of its Nativity. It must be sense no where
but where it refers to a Disease: Well to compliment him it shall be so confin'd.
[But then no body can infect another with a Disease he has not himself, or carries not
about him some way or other.] Dear heart thou art i'th right. What dost thou think
of Nurses: Nay, Cats or Dogs in a Plague time that have carried infection with
them, yet have not had the Disease themselves. So Hametalbaz had something or
other (as thou saist) about him, to make the King jealous of his General though
he was not so himself. Never was such stuff—but 'tis his Talent, and there is
an end.

*And to that pitch his heightned Virtues raise,
That their perfection shall appear their Crime,
As Giants by their Height do Monsters seem.*

[Here]

[Here he makes *Giantickness* the perfection of *Humane Nature*, and says, *Giants are not Monsters*, only seem so to Mankind: By consequence all that are not *Giants* are imperfect if not *Monsters*.] The Poet makes *Giantickness*, &c. and says, &c. That is Mr. Dryden makes and says it for him, for he neither says nor implies any such thing; *Crimmalbaz* tells the Queen Mother he will extol *Muly Hamets Virtues* so highly that their perfection shall appear their crime, as *Giants* appear or seem *Monsters* for their height. But how he says or infers, [*Giants are not Monsters*, and but only seem so to Mankind.] You have only Mr. Drydens word for, and how much that has been worth hitherto in his *Observations*, I leave his Readers to Judge. Though indeed some are apt to think that *Giants* are not really *Monsters* though received so, a *Monster* in its true definition being a Creature that either wants or has more parts than Nature requires to make up true proportions and symmetry. And yet a *Giant*, how much greater soever than an ordinary man, may have all parts proportionable, nor have more or less Arms or Legs, or a y other particular. However if the reception of a *Monster* be more large; and *Giants* are *Monsters*, to say a thing seems to be what it is, is no Nonsense.

Brave *Crimmalbaz* thy Breast and mine agree.

[How Breasts can agree or quarrel any more than Arms or Legs I cannot tell.] And truly we believe him; but if he cannot tell what [agreeing] signifies besides being friends, he is not the best Commentator I have met with.

We'll Act his Death in State.

[Will she have a Play made on it, and Act her self in it.] Now why nothing can be Acted but in a Play I cannot tell neither: I am afraid he is not so Critical in his own writings. *Almah. to Almanz. page 51.*

" You bound and freed me; but the difference is,
" That shew'd your Valour; but your Virtue this.

As if *Valour* were no *Virtue*, though it be none of his *Virtues*, others are pleased to compliment it with the title of a *Virtue*, when they made *Fortitude* one of the *Cardinal Virtues*. But perhaps he'll distinguish between *Valour* in one degree, and *Valour* in another, for *Valour* is not always a *Virtue*, there is a *Brutish Valour* (though very improperly, for in *Brutes* 'tis *Courage*.) Yes, that answer is for his purpose, for these two Lines are spoken of *Almanzor*.

We'll Act his Death in State,
And dash his Blood against his Palace gate.

[A stately thing to dash a Pail full of Blood against a Palace gate.] This Commentator, like *Eustathius* upon *Homer*, observes more in every Line than the Poet e're thought on, for I durst swear for him, he never considered just how much the *Emperours Veins* held; which Mr. Dryden has politickly found to be a *Pail-full*: But I am afraid in observing the quantity he forgot the quality, that it was the *Blood of a King* when he infers by his observation how inconsiderable the dashing so much *Blood* against a *Palace Gate* would be. But he comments, and these are Notes and so forth.

Now for the [most rumbling piece of Non sense that has come yet.]

To flustering lightning our feign'd Smiles conform;
Which back'd with Thunder do but guild a storm.

[Flustering

[*Flattering Lightning!* no, *Lightning* sure *is* a *threatning* thing.] But he has an-
swer'd for me in his *Royal Martyr*.

"About the place did nimble *Lightning* play,
"Which offer'd us by fits and snatch'd the day.

If it has so brisk a *Light* that in a dark storm it can make an appearance of *day*, which in a moment *vanishes* again; it certainly is a very *flattering* thing to make such splendid illusions to so little purpose. But *backt with Thunder* much offends him, and a great deal of *doe* he makes about [*a Trooper on Horse-back.*] I took [*backt*] to be more frequently used for *attended*: An allusion taken from a *Leader* and his *forces*, which in all reason wou'd have better agreed with *Lightning* which immediately *precedes* the *Thunder*. But then he has a long dispute against *gilding a storm*.

Now to say that *Lightning* (which for a moment changes the whole face of Heaven, and makes a glittering *Light* where so much darkness was before,) *gilds a storm*, I think a pardonable *Metaphor*: but then he'll tell you that 'tis [*do guild*] not [*does guild*] a storm, and so as a *Plural Verb* it refers to [*Smiles*:]

To answer that it should be [*does guild*] and that it was an over-sight in the correction of the Press, which though it be true, and is, and has been alwayes spoken in Acting [*does guild a storm.*] Yet since it looks like Mr. *Drydens* reprinting, *Follow Fate which would too fast pursue* instead of *does too fast pursue*: I will not make that *Apology*, for 'tis sense both wayes. 'Tis an usual custome in *Similes* to apply the *Analogy*, either *Rei Analoganti* or *Rei Analogata*. I'll go no farther than his own writings: *Almahide* says of *Almanzor* Page 31.

"Mark but how terrible his Eyes appear,
"And yet there's something roughly noble there;
"Which in unsashion'd nature, seems divine;
"And like a Gemme does in the quarry shine.

Here something in *Almanzors* unsashion'd nature like a *Gemme* shines in the quarry; what quarry has he in him, if he goes to the strictness of the sense, for it to shine in? [*how can Smiles guild a storm?*] If he will admit of no *Allegories* why does he make e'm? It should have been *Lightning gilds the storm*, so for the same reason he should have said *Almanzor had something in him roughly noble, which seem'd Divine, and like a Gemme which in the quarry shines*; for the *Gemme* he means shines in the quarry. But because he told you [*the Act ended with such rumbling Non sense*] it shall do so; and therefore you shall have one of his *Granada* *Similes*. He compares *Almanzors Bull* to a *Monarch*, and says of him.

"That *Monarch* like he rang'd the list'd fields,
"Some toss'd, some goar'd, some trampling down he kill'd.

He has the strangest *Notion* of *Monarchs* that ever I heard of, if *ranging, goaring, tossing* and *trampling* be their qualities, I am afraid this *simile* has a little of his *Sign-post Painting* in his preface [*the Lyon is very like a Rose*] He tells you of something like a *Monarch*, but by all I can perceive by his *ranging, tossing, &c.* 'tis no more than a *Bull* when all's done.

A C T. The Second.

GREAT Sir, Your Royal Fathers General
Prince Muly Hamet's Fleet doeth Homewards Sail.

[Here he makes Muly Hamet's Fleet to be the old Emperours General, &c.]
[General] and [Prince Muly Hamet] I think are near enough to be better acquainted.

In a Solemn and Triumphant pride.

[In a Triumphant pride ! Then the pride was Victorious before, so the ships conquer'd with their pride.] How will this Line.

The Conquerors Triumphant Chariot grace Escape. Did the Chariots conquer ? Besides if so impertinent a question were worth answering, by his favour what is Triumph but pride, the vain glory a Conquerour takes after Victory.

Their Course up the great River Tenisfe guide.

[They guide their course, that is they steer themselves.] I hope the Helm that is a part of the ship guides the ship, though (as Adelpate gives us to understand) the Pilot steers.

*Whose gilded Currents do new Glories take
From the reflection his bright Streamers make.*

[If the Currents were gilded when they take new glories, then the Currents are double Hoschs.] As him agen Bay's, In the Mask in the Fourth Act.

And his tortur'd Entrails sting.

[If his Entrails were tortur'd before, why should they be stung afterwards.] These two objections are so like one another, and both so flimsy made, that 'tis pity to part e'm. [Gilded] in the first refers to [new glories] and [tortur'd] in the last to [stung,] and to prove how proper the Authors expressing of it is. In the first Book of Mr. Cowley's *Davidick*, speaking of his desisting from writing of his *Miserys*, to write a *Sacred Poem*. I meet this Line.

Oh, well-chang'd Muse, I a chaff Vessel make.

Now a man as impertinent as Mr. *Notus*, (but Heaven forbid there should be such another Creature in nature ; for 'tis pity such a rarity should be *miss'd*) would ask if his Muse was well chang'd before, what need she be made a chaff Vessel now ? But a man of sense, and one that had none of Bay's his Wind-mill in his head, would

would tell ye; that the making her a chaste Vestal was the well changing of his Muse.

From the reflection his Bright Streamers make.

[I thought the Water had made the reflection not the Streamers.] I thought if the Streamers had not been there, the Water could not have made the reflection of them: If it had been from the reflection which those Currents make: If the Currents made the reflection, why was it not made before the Ships came? That supposition would be almost as great a Bull, as the two first Lines in his Indian Emperour.

" On what new happy Climate are we thrown;
" So long kept secret, and so lately known.

A new Climate long kept. Oh! but Notes will answer it was new to Cortez; for he never was there before, which he would have done well to have express'd, for as 'tis, 'tis as good sense, as if a man should put on an old cast Suit of another mans, and say 'tis new because he never wore it before.

The Waves a Masque of Martial Pageants yield.

[The Masque is made of the Waves, a new kind of Ships built of Water.] Hudibron every Inch.

— By force

Of Argument a Man's no Horse.

I am afraid if there had not been Waves, or Water, or something to that purpose to help towards it, the motion of these Pageants had been spoild.

A flying Army on a floating Field.

[Flying is an excellent Epithite for a Victorious Army.] Flying on or off, is all alike to Mr. Commensatour. I wonder what he thinks of Alexanders Army, which was call'd a Flying Army, for his expedition in over-running Asia, and yet as I take it there's no Record of Alexanders running away from an Enemy.

[But now the Martial Pageants which I took to be Ships are a flying Army: Our Fleet is sunk already, and turn'd into an Army.] Is it so! A very pretty kind of Notes his Loggdemain.

Order and Harmony in each appear.

[In each? In what? In the flying Army, the Waves, the Masque, or the floating Field.] And how many things do all these amount to, but Water and Ships? If he can make any more of them, 'tis the first time I took him for a Conjuror.

Their lofty Bulks the foaming Billows bear.

[Now the Ships are Buoy'd up agen.] Hocus-agen. [It is no great news to me in England that Water bears Ships.] 'Tis well he tells us he believes so, for by the shallowness of his reason hitherto, a little matter would make him believe any thing.

In state they move, and on the Waves rebound;

[*To rebound on the Waves is to leap up from the water into the Air.*] He's at Descriptions agen. But by the way let me ask him, if *Leaping off the Waves*, be rebounding on them.

As if they danced to their own Trumpets sound :

[*Merry Ships to cut Capers as they Sail.*] Why that *Ships* may do, if they are such Creatures as this *fresh Water Souldier* believes they are, that have *Legs and Hands*, [*that can put off their Caps, and make Legs*] as he says. *Granada* p. 49. *Benayda*.
"Death with our meeting Planets danced above.

I am afraid to make *Planets*, nay *Death* too such merry grigs as to cut *Capers* and turne *Dancers* is a little *Burlesque*, whatever *Ships* may be fancied to do.

By Winds inspired, with lively Grace they roud

[*Ships never Roud but in Calms.*] I judged that in *Calms* they had lain still. Either he takes all seasons to be *Calms* or *Storms*, and so *fresh Gales* are *Calms* with him, or else he believes that *Ships* have really those *Souls* which *Hamesthatz* alludes to, if in *still water*, without help of *Wind* or *Tide*, they can *Roud* of themselves.

As if that Breath and motion lent a Soul.

[*Here he makes the effect produce the cause; whereas it is a Soul that lends Breath and motion, he makes Breath and motion lend a Soul, as if sight could lend Eyes, if so, then sight must be before Eyes.*]

Now why the *Soul* is the cause of *Breath* and *motion* I believe he cannot resolve us, for 'tis much disputed whether the *Soul* be any thing else but *Breath* and *motion*, viz. in *Irrational Creatures*; all senses being made by a flux or motion of *Spirits* through several *Organs* to the *Brain*. And so the *Soul* is but a *motion* or term of *Art* used to signifie, that *Breath* and *motion*. And if *Don Crisick* makes this learned *Discant* that the cause is prior natura than the effect; by his own argument, *Things* are before *Names*; and by his rules of priority, *Breath* and *motion* cause a *Soul*.

And with that Soul, they seem taught Duty too,

[*Here this Soul is lent by instruction they are taught a Soul, and with it taught Duty.*]

Why taught a *Soul*? what does the Pronoun [*that*] point to, but the lent *Soul* in the foregoing Line.

*Their Top-sails lower'd their heads with Reverence bow.
As if they would their Generals worth enhance,
From him, by instinct taught Allegiance.*

[*The Ship learns by instinct, that is, it learns from another, by having it naturally of it self.*]

Why it learns from another? Let the question be answered out of the *Authors* words, by what taught *Allegiance*? By instinct. From whom? From him? viz. the *General*, and then pray examine the reception of *instinct*, and find this Line *Natural*

sense

sence dear heart, and *eris mihi magnus Apollo*, though *Instinct* in all cases be what a man has naturally in himself, yet that *instinct* never produces *actions*, but from some circumstance or cause, *extra hominem*. For example, some men have an *antipathy* against a Cat, and by *instinct*, though they see her not, shall tremble and sweat, or the like when they come near her, and though by nature they have this *Antipathy*, yet 'tis from the presence of the Cat, that *instinct* operates, they would not tremble were she not there. If the Poets Ships, (which he by his [As if] in the first Line, only fancies of e'm not affirms of e'm, for the affirmative would be Non-sence, *Instinct* and *Allegiance* being inconsistent with *inanimate* Creatures.) If his Ships, I say, are fancied to have a *Sympathy* with their General, and by *instinct* can express their *Allegiance* when he expresses his; certainly though their supposed innate *Virtue* of expressing their Allegiance be in themselves, yet the Power of expressing it is from him: For if he did not express His, they could not exercise their *Sympathetick* quality, and express theirs with him. But perhaps he'll find fault with the English, and tell us to say, *Thus such a thing is taught to do this or that by instinct*, does not please him. But as for that, let it pass: If he be so hard to please, he is not worth the humouring.

*Whilst the Loud Cannons echo from the shore,
Their flaming Breasts salute you Emperour.
From their deep mouths he does your Glory sing,*

[He sings his Glory and with their mouths] that is the Cannons Mouths, Which is like its fellows, Non-sence. [For no man can sing with another mans mouth.] Therefore not with a Cannons mouth: a very Poetical reason. I hope the modest Commentatour will tell us,) as he tells the Poet *he studied this Non-sense with another mans brains*,) that here he had the help of the Brethren, for no less than a *Triumviri* of Poets could have produced so weighty a—

With Thunder, and with Lightning, greets his King.

[But two Lines since he call'd it salute an Emperour, and thus these mannerly ships salute an Emperour, but greet a King, and in saluting, (he says) they but flash in the Pan only.] If Cannons were so well bred in his Metaphor as only to flash in the Pan, I dare lay an even wager that Mr. Dryden durst venture to Sea. [But when Greets the word, then the Thunder and Lightning comes.] I observe which is very often objected through the Play, he finds fault that in a Scene or a Speech the Poet uses the words *Monarch*, *King*, *Prince*, *Sovereign*, *Emperour*, and all for the same person, another time, *Destiny*, *Fate* and *Providence* for the same thing, as here [salute] and [greets] and this forsooth is impardonable. I believe he means to bring Poetry to the rules of the Law, and having once spoke of a King we must cry at next occasion to name him the afore said, or abovenamed King party to these presents. I wonder where the excellency of a tongue would be, which lies in the copiousness of words to express the same thing by, if this *Confinement* were imposed on its freest subject Poetry. But I find he has clearly design'd the Authors overthrow, and being possess'd with an absolute certainty of his Ruine by this fatal blow, precribes him Laws after the rate of severe Conquerours to Vanquish'd Enemies such as they would be unwilling to be tyed to themselves.

Thus to express his Foys in a loud Quire.

[He serenaded the King with a Quire of Guns: Serenading and greeting are proper.
Sca

Sea term.] I have lookt o're the Speech and can find no such term as [*serenading*] in it, but that's no matter, the sense and terms of expressions are all one in his *Dictionary*, [*Greet*] indeed is crept in, very timely for a last, and though it signifies *saluting*, however 'tis no Seaman's word, and therefore Nonsense. There indeed he was too blame for making his *Hametabax* a Courtier and no Tarpolin; *Larbord* and *Starbord* with a score more of such words, would have made excellent *Drydenism* and no *Bombast*, and the Ships had been Ships, [*which here they are not.*]

And consort of wing'd Messengers of fire

[*Singers sure and not Messengers make a Consort.*] To answer him in his own *serenading* Phrase, if by his argument a Gentleman should play on a Violin under a Ladies Window, he must *Ipso facto* turn Fidler and no Gentleman, for he can be nothing but a Fidler that plays on a Fiddle. But then if I should call him a *Fine Gentleman* 'tis worse Nonsense still, for 'tis not his *fine Cloaths* but his *Fingers* that play on his Instrument, [*as 'th the Voices, not the wings that make this Consort,*] give it Sugar-Plums, give it Sugar-Plums.

[*But how are they Messengers of Fire? Did the Fire blow the Guns up into the Air, or was every Corn of Powder a wing'd Messenger? Then their Wings were very small.*] To distinguish particular Corns of Powder in the Discharge of a Cannon requires a younger Eye-sight than Mr. Commentatours. Hadst thou Brains in thy Head, dear Heart, when thou couldst talk of *writing Volumes*, and labour like *Mons Parvuriens* with no more then this? but how are they wing'd Messengers, the next Lines will informe you.

*He has his Tribute sent and Homage given:
As men in Incense send up Vows to Heaven.*

[*A Tributary Subject.*] I cannot find the Poet speaks any thing of a *Tributary Subject*: he calls indeed his loud expressing of his joys a tribute to his Prince: If this be sin, Heaven help the wicked. But then [*can thoughts be carried up in Smoak?* He as well may say he will *Bake thoughts or Roast thoughts as Smoak them,*] then he compares Thunder, Lightning, and Roaring of Guns to Incense, and says he expresses his loud joys in a consort of *Thundering Guns*, or men send up silent Vows in gentle Incense, if this description is not plentifully supplied with Nonsense, I'll refer my self to the Reader] and I to mine. 'Tis plentifully supplied indeed, for Mr. Commentatour has given us Ample Testimonies of his stock of Nonsense, in his over kindness to this Authors wants, in furnishing him with so large supplies of it: 'Tis well he has so much to spare, that he can afford his very Enemies such quantity. I assure you were it a thing I much delighted in, I should Court his friendship above any mans I know. But how little delight soever I take in it, to show you I am not an absolute Nonsense bater, I'll return to his last Argument.

[*Can thoughts go up in Smoak, or be Baked or Roasted?*] How Common an expression, sending up Vows to Heaven in Incense and sacrifice is, I leave to the judgment of those that have a great deal less conversation in Books, such as have read less, but understood more sense than Mr. Dryden. Now for the Simile, which in plain sense runs thus; the General express his devotion to the King in fire and smoak as men send up Vows to Heaven in Incense. But then Sir Politick Wou'd bee has found out [*that Canons make a roaring fire, and Incense a gentle silent fire,*] he might as well have gone on, and said that Incense makes a sweet fire, and Gunpowder a stinking fire; therefore his devotion stinks, and 'tis no Simile. Besides, Canons are made of Iron or Brass, and Altars on which Incense is burnt of Stone or brick, no Simile again.

At this *Senseless* Rate will I make the best *Simile* that can be writ *Nonsense*. And for example take a *rarity*, a *Simile* with *sense* in it. In his *Granada Almanzor* says of *Boabdclin*,

"But at my ease, thy destiny I send,
 "By ceasing from this Hour to be thy friend.
 "Like Heaven I need but only to stand still,
 "And not concurring to thy Life I kill.

Here if I'de be as impertinent as he, I should ask how can *Almanzors* standing still be like *Heavens* standing still. If he means That Heaven in which the fixt Stars are, and be of *Copernicus* opinion, the supposition of his *Simile* is *Nonsense*: But if of *Ptolemy*s, and supposing Heaven should desist from motion and influence, he must infer the destruction of Day and Night, and seasons, and by consequence the ruine of all *Mankind*: or if he mean by Heaven the *Divinity* that rules the world 'twould be as bad. How then can *Almanzors* standing still which threatens but the ruine of a poor *Pigmy King Boabdclin*, be compared to the standing still of Heaven which ruins a *World*.

By this *extravagant reasoning*, I'll prove the best thing he ever wrote *Nonsense*. And what with *Larding* of part *Quibble*, and part *Sophistry* imitate his way of *arguing*, and make his description of *Ships* every Line *Nonsense*, and demonstrate it so plainly, that if my *Pamphlet Readers* be but half so much *Fools* as I suppose he thought his would be, I shall *Infallibly* bring e'm to my side.

"I went in order Sir to your command,
 "To view the utmost limits of the Land.

Then *Gyomar* must be supposed to have rode round the Land for his *Fathers Kingdom* had its utmost limits on all sides as well as on that side, where *Cortez's* Fleet landed. But *Gyomar* in the following Lines tells you he had been but one way, and therefore the utmost limits of the Land is *Nonsense*.

"To that Sea shore where no more world is found;
 "But foaming Billows breaking on the ground.

Here he makes two absolute *contradictions* in two Lines, in the first, he tells you of a place where no world was, and in the next he says in the same place was world, for if *Billows* and *Ground* which is *Earth* and *Water* be no part of the *World* in *Mr. Drydens Cosmography*, his *Philosophy* will get him less credit then his *Notes* upon *Morocco*.

"Where for a while my Eyes no object met,
 "But distant Skies that in the Ocean set.

His Eyes no object met but Skies? How did the Skies meet his Eyes, did his Eyes go half way, and the Skies come the other half towards him? *Oh, kind and coming Skies*, like page 27.

His Death to tears their *Crysal* Orbs would melt.

[Would the Orbs cry at *Muly Hamets* death, O kind, good natur'd Orbs, cry your Eyes

Eyes out for Muly Hamet.] His Eyes met Skies : then they were like Elkanah's Pilgrims.

*Pilgrims whose zeal's more blest though less divine,
Go meet their saints, but I must fly from mine.*

[I thought the Saints had staid for them in their shrines, but Mr. Settles sails as civiler than any other.]

But then why distant skies which in the Ocean set ! If the Indians believ'd the Skies to terminate where they seem to do, I'm sure the extremity of a mans sight on the Sea cannot be 40. Miles, and if the Sky had set where it appears to do, Gyomar who had travelled above 1000 Miles by his Fathers command for no other reason but to view the limits of the Land, which Journy the Poet found out for a Prince of his Quality for no other cause than putting his description in a Principal Characters mouth, this Gyomar of all Mankind should never have call'd the Skies but as Forty Miles off distant skies.

*" And low-bung Clouds that dipt themselves in Rain,
" To shake their fleeces on the Earth agen.*

Clouds that dipt themselves in Rain ! I thought it had never been rain till it fell from the Clouds, This is the greatest piece of Drydenian Nonsense that I have met with yet, to call the exhalation of watry vapours which makes rain, Rain before 'tis made. But Mr. Dryden is a Scholar, and can tell you it was Rain in potentia, and that he meant it for *pluvia pluvians*, not *pluvia pluviosa* as a learned Commentatour once prayed of *natura naturans*, and *natura naturata*, p. 40.

" To shake their fleeces on the Earth again.

Why did they ever shake e'm before ? Be like his Clouds were good three-piled lasting Clouds, that could hold wetting and shaking so often, and neither wear out, nor grow thred-bare, like

(Pag. 31. *Unravel their own Scenes of Love,
[This implies the Scenes were knit.]*

These Clouds were stronger sure than Pitchers for they come not so often to the Well, but they are broken at last. But then why Fleeces ? were they Woollen Clouds & Sure the Authors Brains went & Wool-gathering.

Like page 13. *To Flattering Lightning our feign'd smiles conform,
Which backt with Thunder does but guild a storm.*

[Sure the Poet wrote these two Lines aboard some smatch in a storm, and being Sea-sick spued up a good Lump of clotted Nonsense at once.]

*" At last, as far as I could cast my Eyes
" Upon the Sea——*

At first then his Eyes were for meeting of Objects, but now at last for fear of not reaching them soon enough, he casts his Eyes at e'm. But then how did he get at e'm again when they were cast upon the Sea, sure Gyomar was an excellent swimmer for such an exploit, and like Mr. Settles ships a rare instinct animal to find his Eyes agen.

agen. But when he had found e'm, could he put them in agen and see with them? I have heard of *glass* Eyes being taken out of peoples heads, and put in agen, but never of *natural* Eyes before. p. 39.

She is a Beauty and that names her guard.

[I have heard of a Hound-bitch, but never of a Princess so call'd before.]

“ ——— something methought did rise,
“ Like blewish Mists which still appearing more,
“ Took dreadful shapes and mov'd towards the shore.

Why something like Blewish mists? Why did he not think e'm really blewish mists, by his own confession at first, he thought they look'd like milks, and how could he tell they were other than what they appeared at that distance. Oh, but Gyomar was a Conjuror, and had the spirit of Prophecy; he knew before hand there was something more in e'm than mists, and though he had a mist before his Eyes, yet his understanding was clear. [Oh foolish Poet that did not take the hint and pursue Gyomar's Character of a Conjuror, he lost a good opportunity of gracing his Play with flyings and Machins.] But then why something like mists, why not something like a mist.

Then gentle as a happy Lovers sigh. pag. 7.
[They two like one sigh.]

“ Which still appearing more,
“ Took dreadful shapes and moved towards the shore.

Appearing more!

More what? more misty or more blewish, no that's impossible for the nearer they came they appear'd less blew and less like mists. [Thou wretched Blunderhead how confoundedly dost thou intangle thy Brain, and cannot wind off it one clear thred of sense?]]

“ Took dreadful shapes.

Why took dreadful shapes! If they could take dreadful shapes, we must suppose they had not dreadful shapes before, and therefore this was but a Copy of their countenance, they did it only to look grim upon Gyomar, to put him in a fright, and make him betray himself, page 24.

I can no less then shrink at horrors which my honour stain.

[How could his horrors stain his honour, perhaps it might make him stain his breeches.] I doubt not but the Poet gave Cortez his Ships this power of taking what shapes they pleased, that like his friend the King of Brandfords Army they might go in disguise: And moved towards the shore. Was his moving towards the shore like Mr. Settles, (guide their course.) Did they steer themselves? And why moved?

[No doubt motion may be pleasant like Mr. Settles rowing, page 15.

As the posture may be managed.]

At this insipid rate the most wretched Scribler in the World, nay one that had the soul but of a Pandion and Amphigenia, might write Volumes of Errata on a Virgil or a Cowley; Nay and better than on a Polish Princess: at the same rate as Beauty and Majesty may be Libel'd. The greatness of the subject heightens the profanation, but then at the same time the profanation does not lessen their Divinity.

I could have gone through his description of Ships at this *sensless* Rate, but I confess my self not so bold a writer as Mr. Dryden: And though he had the impudence to trouble you with a *Comments on a whole Play* in this Style, I think the examination of 20. Lines with such dull, idle and impertinent Remarks upon e'm would tire you: But Mr. Dryden has past the Rubicon, and has over and over again in his Prefaces told you he has had the happiness to please an age; and though, as he declares *he loves to spread his Gold thin*, Witness his *Love in a Nunnery*; yet you are bound to like whatever he writes.

But after all his *Gigantick* Arguments against Mr. *Sentles* Ships, [*he has daub'd him with his own puddle*] as he calls it, that is, with a Witless parcel of Rhimes in imitation of his description; and because Mr. Dryden shall say he is *Aped* for something. I'll give him such another on the first speech of *Maximin*, which I assure him is much more to his purpose, and though perhaps it has less Poetry in it than *His*, that is, more Truth, yet If I should not be thought to play booty, I would bestow it on him, and desire him to place it as a supplement to the other.

Maxim, " Thus far my Arms have with success been Crown'd,
 " And found no stop, or vanquish'd what they found,
 " The German Lakes my Legions have o're past
 " With all the Bars that Art or Nature cast.
 " My Foes, in watry Fastnesses inclosed,
 " I fought, alone to their whole War exposed.
 " Did first the depth of trembling Marshes sound,
 " And fixt my Eagles in unfaithful ground.
 " By force, submitted to the Roman sway,
 " Fierce Nations, and unknowing to obey.
 " And now for my Reward ungrateful Rome,
 " For which I fought abroad, Rebels at home.

Bays: Thus far my Pamphlet with success is Crown'd,
 And found no stop, or vanquish'd what it found.
 My Mighty Notes Morocco have o're past,
 With all the Bars, that Sense or Reason cast.
 His faults in slippery Fatnesses inclosed,
 Him I've in Print to the whole Town exposed.
 Did first the depth of every Sentence sound,
 And Play'd the Critick on unfaithful Ground.
 By force of Nibbling, Quibbling, Scribbling Wit,
 Made t' unknown Reasons, unknown faults submit.
 And now for my Reward th' ungrateful Town,
 For must'ring up His Nonsense, cries Mine down.

But now for a greater blow than this man of words has given yet. [*Morocco is an Inland City, and Tenissi never bore any Ships, &c.* Therefore the Poet has cut this passage up to Morocco, for no other reason than to make an idle description of Ships, &c. And how likely is it that a General should bring home his Land-forces in a Fleet sailing up a River, &c.] If Morocco be an Inland City, so is London too, and yet the River Thames which runs by it, (as Tenissi does by Morocco, a River held as great as the Thames, and as Navigable,) can bear Ships, and bring up a Fleet near enough to be seen from any Tower in London, and why Tenissi must be prohibited from doing the like, Mr. Notes must resolve us. But then why a Fleet for Land-forces, if he had ever read Geography, he had found some of the places which the Poet makes *Muly*

Hamet Conquer Maritime Towns, as *Salli* for example, a place which our *Coffee-house* friend, with no greater reading than a *Gazet*, by the name of *Salli men of War*, might have gueit had been near the Sea. Nor indeed, are any that the Poet mentions very far from the Sea. But then the prettiest of all is, he's angry the General comes not home by *Land*: that indeed had been very *Comical* to have deserted a *Fleet*, and set his Ships a *Float*, that his Forces might travel so many Miles home by *Land*, and in so hot a Country too as *Morocco*. But granting Ships could not come so near *Morocco*: 'Tis very likely the King of *Morocco* might have a *Fleet*, (which *Notes* find fault with him for having) since his whole Kingdom lay on one side upon the *Atlantick* Ocean, though his *Metropolis* (granting Mr. *Commentatours* assertion true) had been a hundred miles farther from the Sea than 'tis. I'll give him as good an argument as this, nearer home in his own *Stytle*. The *French* have no Ships, for *Paris* is an *Inland* City, and some hundred miles from Sea.

But now [*For the Land of Gotham where we meet nothing but Fools and Nonsense*]

Saies the King to his Victorious General.

*Welcome true owner of that Fame you bring,
A Conquerour is a Guardian to a King.
Conquest and Monarchy consistent are,
'Tis Victory secures the Crowns we wear.*

[*Welcome true owner. As if a man could be a false owner or have a wrong right to a thing.*] A wrong right to a thing! He takes all the care possible to twist contradictions together, to make every thing appear Nonsense. Nay, confutes the opinion he desires you to have of his *high conversation*, when he wiisfully seems not to understand expressions that a man must meet every day in discourse. Has not he heard of the true or right owner of such or such a thing: For my part I blush for him to think what great structures his malice has designed, where his foundations are so shallow.

A Conquerour is a Guardian to a King.

[*Poor King! The Poet makes thee here confess thy self fit to be beg'd for a Fool, and so abuse Muly Hamet for thy Guardian.*] And so with a great deal of other stuff in pursuance of *Estate, Fool and Guardian*, he mauls the Poet and his King. If none but Fools have estates as his argument implies: Mr. *Dryden* has politickly given you to understand the chief Reason why he is a *Wit*, and whether or no it abuses the Poet, 'tis no matter it flatters the Commentatour. [*And the last two Lines, he saies*) rise and are more foolish one than the other.] But how! Heaven knows: for he has so huddled together a parcel of stuff, in which contrary to all his former objections, he neither aims at argument nor wit, as [*A Conquerour is a brave fellow, and serves his King, and 'tis possible he may be an honest fellow, and his King and him to agree, &c.*] which no body denies: that I cannot tell what he would be at. Then I must answer to what I think he meant, and since his business is to make every thing Nonsense, we must suppose that *Victory* cannot secure *Crowns*, nor had *Muly Hamet's Conquests*, and *Muly Labas* his *Monarchy* any consistence.

Muly Hamet is returned from *Reducing* some revolted places to their obedience from retaking Towns from the *Usurper Gayland*, and after the vanquishing of the Kings enemies, says *Notes*, he neither serves his Crown, nor has the establishing of a Kings Right and suppression of usurpation, nor the enlarging his Dominions any consistence with

with *Monarchy*. I am very glad our dear friend has got *stage preferment*, and that the State has mist him, as for a *Play-wright* he may pass, but God bless him for a *Statesman*.

My Actions all are on your name enrol'd.

[*What 'tis enrol upon Parchment I know, but not upon names.*]

The meanest *Citizen* in Town, and the poorest *Servitor* in the University would tell him that putting so much upon a mans *name*, had signified placing so much to his account.

With burning ships made Beacons on the Sea.

[*He fired Beacons after the Victory.*]

Preethy take the fore-going Line along with thee.

*I made their Fleet to Conquest light my way,
With burning ships made Beacons on the Sea.*

To light his way to Conquest, is in *Notes* his Observations to light his way after Conquest.

*Whose very looks so much your foes surprize,
That you like Beauty conquer with your Eyes.*

[*Here he gives Eyes to a Notion, &c.*] and so on he runs for half a dozen Lines with [*the Eyes of Features, the Eyes of ones Nose, the Eyes of ones Mouth.*] But then he checks himself, and says, [*no, perhaps he means you like a Beauty conquer, &c.* and then 'tis an Heroick Epithite to call a General a Beauty, and tell him he conquerd with his Eyes like a pretty Wench.] How Beauty is a Epithite here, he should have told us.

'Tis his usual way of making a great many Lines to show how such a thing taken in such a sense would be Nonsense. But then he cuts himself off and says the Poet means otherwise; and then 'tis Nonsense *this way* or *that way*: If the Poets fault lyes here not there, to what purpose signifies his first accusation? Yes, it signifies much, for he is so kind to his Readers that he will not let e'm have all *Elkanabs* Nonsense, but some of Mr. *Commentatours*.

But then [*to say the General conquerd with his Eyes like a pretty Wench is not Heroick.*] Yes indeed had [*pretty Wench*] been put in instead of [*Beauty*] it had not been very Heroick, but as it is, it must pass.

*No Madam, War has taught my hand to aim,
As Glory to deserve a Lovers name.*

[*Here he makes hands to aim, in another place he makes them give a blast.*] *Blasted with the hand of Heaven.* Which a younger Eye-sight would have read page 52. of *Morocco*. *Blasted by the hand of Heaven*, which quite alters the sense.

Why not aim at Glory with his hand? if he conquers with his hand, why not aim at Glory by it. Perhaps he would have had him aim'd at Glory, *Almanzors* way which was to look men dead, who knew his strength so great that he could threaten to kill *Boabdels* Guards when he was disarm'd. page 67.

Here

" Here take me, bind me, carry me away,
 " Kill me, I'll kill you if you disobey.

But Muly Hamets Glory was a work of a greater labour to him. But *Blasphemy* by the hand of Heaven. The common acception of the *band of Heaven* so long used for Heavens exercising its power in any manner, *Elkanah* need not beg his Reader to justify for him,

Though Mariamnes Love appeared before
 The highest happiness Fate had in store,
 Yet when I view it, as an Offering
 Made by the hand of an obliging King,
 It takes new Charms, looks brighter, lends new heat.
 No Objects are so glorious or so great,
 But what may still a greater form put on,
 As Optick Glasses magnifie the Sun.

Here Bays makes a long harange, to prove that *Muly Hamet* is a jeering Companion and by craft abuses the King and his Sister, calling the King but a pitiful Optick Glass, a thing to see through, and telling Mariamne that her Love seen through that Optick Glass call'd a King, seems to be a greater happiness than indeed it is.]

The Commentatour, it's to be feared, is more crafty than either Muly Hamet or Mr. Setles Audience: For I much suspect, that the jeer Muly Hamet design'd the King and his Sister was never discovered till now, and that seeing the Sun through a Telescope, implies that the King is a pitiful Optick Glass, a thing to see through; I doubt are as little of kin, as Mr. Drydens *Notes and Morocco*. A great deal of pudder he makes to prove the Authors words affirm that the Sun looks bigger than it is through an Optick Glass, which you'll find made out at the old rate, for he's as constant to his way of Reasoning as he says Mr. Settle is to writing Nonsense,

Muly Hamet says, No Objects are so glorious or so great,
 But what may still a greater form put on.

What can that [Form] mean but the visible form of a thing for the word [objects] proves it meant so, if the Author had said nothing is so glorious, &c. there had been some pretence for an Objection. But an Object is so glorious or so great signifies such a thing appears so glorious or so great, and then where is this wondrous Nonsense, when he says no Object is so glorious or so great, but may appear a greater Object still, as the Sun appears a greater Object, when seen through an Optick Glass, than it appeared before.

Your Subjects wait with eager joys to pay,
 Their Tribute to your Coronation day.

[Tributary Subjects agen. But the King is beg'd, and so they only give him Tribute: I suppose a small Allowance for an acknowledgment, witness these two following Lines.]

Whilst they behold Triumphant on one Throne,
 The Wearer and defender of a Crown.

[*It is something unusual for a Subject to sit on a Throne with a King, but it is his Guardian, whose authority sways all, as it appears by the next words.*]

King: Lead on —
Muly Hamet. Lead on, and all that kneel to you,
Shall bow to me. This conquest makes it due.

[*The Kings word of command signifies nothing, he is but a Cypher, and therefore his Protector Muly Hamet gives it.*]

The Kings Subjects must be *Tributary Subjects*, because the Poet calls their publick expressing of their joy a *Tribute* to his *Coronation day*.

A Subject and a King on one Throne is unusual? What does he take a Throne for, a *Wooden Horse*, or a *Joint Stool*? just enough for one mans Breech and no more. I thought that Kings at a publick Solemnity, how high soever their Seats of State were erected, were so good natur'd to let their Brothers and Sisters sit by them, though perhaps there might be some distinction in the very place they sat on. But to sit by a King with Mr. Dryden, is to Rob him of all his authority and sway all, as he tells you it appears in the next words [*Lead on.*]

Muly Hamet [*Lead on*] The King is a Cypher, his command worth nothing] Now in my simple Judgment had a less man then Muly Hamet took such a mighty word of Command as [*Lead on*] out of a Kings mouth, though he had been but a Gentleman of his Bed-Chamber, or a less man then that, the Majesty of a King had not at all been impaired, his Power endanger'd, nor he made a Cypher. Surely the Laureat (who I think has little reason for't) has the *least* and most *Comical* Notions of Kings that e're I met with.

No Musick like that which Loyalty sings,
A Consort of hearts at the Crowning of Kings:

[*Loyalty sings musick, and sings a consort of Hearts, &c.*]
I thought [*A consort of Hearts*] had been put by apposition in the same case with [*Loyalty*] and not followed the Verb, [*sings.*]

There's no such delightful and ravishing Strain,
As the Echoes and shouts of Long Live and Reign.

Here Notes objects [*that Echoes are made only in Concave places and Woods.*]
Elkanah then shall grant that Nonsense, for this Solemnity was made in a City, and a City you know has no Concave places in it.

No Musick like that which from Loyalty springs.

[*Like that which from — is a soft Line for a Song.*]
[*And Loyalty was Musick before, and now 'tis Homage, &c.*]

Before Loyalty sung Musick, therefore saies Notes, it was Musick. Now Homage springs from Loyalty, therefore agen Loyalty is Homage. I may as well tell him that the Notes upon Morocco are Mr. Dryden, and perhaps with better reason, for they are both but a Farce.

But then how came [*that which from*] thither which he says is a soft Line for a song? Preethy honest Old friend take my advice, and do not betray thy frailty: why shoudst thou let the World know thou want'st Spectacles; preethy read that passage by daylight, and thou'lt find it no Musick like what from Loyalty springs, or if thou thinkst
I that

that they who read thy Pamphlet, never read the Play, were I as thee, I'de palm
some better cheat upon them than such a slight fiction.

No raising of Altars, like Long Live and Reign.

[This Long Live and Reign, raises Altars : Sure Long Live and Reign built the The-
ban Walls.] Why, Man of large imagination does Long Live and Reign, raise Al-
tars : Take the whole stanza.

No Homage like what from Loyalty Springs;
Wee'l kneel to our Gods, but wee'l dye for our Kings :
Wee'l pay that Devotion our Lives shall maintain,
No raising of Altars like Long Live and Reign.

Sure the Poets plain meaning is no Devotion to Gods, is like (*viz.* equal,) to that
they pay to Kings. And though [Long Live and Reign,] be but the words they use
in their expressing their Devotion to their King, yet I think it a more pardonable ex-
pression then this.

Alman. " I will not hear one word but Almabide.

If this be not much a bolder Figure, I am infinitely mistaken ; For if *Almanzor*
as he says, will hear no word, but *Almabide*, and means what he says, sure he takes
a strange course of hearing the Queens impeachment, if he will have only *Alma-
bide*, *Almabide*, *Almabide* buz'd in his Ears, I much rather suspect he bid her ac-
cusers keep close to their matter, and that he will hear no discourse but of her,

Turns Vassal to a smile, a looks disguise.

[As if a smiling look were not a look as well as other sort of looks,] so have all dis-
guises looks too, if the Critick had not been Lazy, he'd have found out that too.
For it had been to his purpose as much as the generality of his Arguments. But in
a strict sense a mans natural look is, what his Aspect appears when 'tis not alterd by
Passions, but smiling and frowning or the like, being the effect of passions, the look
a man then bears may not improperly be call'd the disguises of a look considering how
like disguises they are put on or off in a moment,

Oh Charming Sex : ———
How vast a Circle does thy Magick take ?
The highest Spirits humblest Lovers make.
All that Heroick Greatness, which but now
Made haughty Foes and stubborn Nations bow,
Turns Vassal to a Smile, a Looks disguise,
Who conquer Thousands are one Womans Prize.
Fate sets Commanding Beauty in their way,
Beauty that has more God-like Power than they :
Love o're the Hearts of yielding Heroes sports ;
Who're Conquerours in Camps, are Slaves in Courts.

I have put the whole speech down as necessary to tell how fallaciously he imposes
upon

upon his Reader, what is not in *sense* nor *nature*. He picks out these two Lines in the Speech.

*Fate sets commanding Beauty in their way,
Beauty that has more God-like pow'r than they.* And says

[*Fate sets Beauty in their way, that has more power than it, here he puts false Grammar for Rhimes sake; and Fate sets Beauty in their way, which has more power than it self. By consequence it is not of Fates setting, but of its own; for without its own consent Fate could never set it, if it has more power than Fate,]* If he had not design'd to have took Poet Nynnyes way of distributing the Copies of his Pamphlet to so many hundred of his particular Friends, who would have cryed up what ever he wrote right or wrong, he could not sure but imagine that if it came to an impartial hand his blind-fide would certainly be discover'd. But perhaps he had not so much policy.

Any Man sure that could read *English* would have found in these words [their way,] that there was something pointed at more than *Beauty* or *Fate*, which are singulars: but he cunningly cut of the connexion to conceal all things else that might be understood in this Speech, but ignorantly forgot to change [their way] into [its way] or [the way] which would have contributed to his design. But since he was so overseen, we'll ask him in *whose way does Fate set commanding Beauty? in their way, who conquer Thousands, and whose Heroick greatness makes haughty Foes, and stubborn Nations bow, &c.* as before. And *who then are they who have a less God like Power than Beauty? Conquerours, who though they can do such mighty actions, as to make stubborn Nations bow, &c. are Vassals to a womans smile.* For what dispute is here, but between *Heroes* and *Beauty*: if it had been only [Beauty comes in their way] and [*Fate sets it*] had been left out, the sense and meaning of the Speech had been still entire. But such is the Reasoning of a man of Seven years standing in *Cambridge*, and twice as many in *Covent-Garden Coffee-House*.



A C T The Third.

T Is now our Royal Mothers Breath must bind
That sacred tie of Love my King has sign'd,
And Providence has seal'd: Make her but kind——

[*The King has sign'd, and Providence has seal'd it: The deed being sign'd and seal'd, how is the Mother to bind all with Breath. In witness it is sooth, is she to bite the wax with her Tooth; or to puff the Parchment into his hands? the Queen has a strong Elast.*] what a first class School-boys Questions are here: Why may not the Queen Mothers consent be a further confirmation of their Love, or at least a satisfaction to the Lovers, Though the Brother had given him his right in her, and Providence had seem'd to conspire, a Mother sure might put in a word or else 'twas hard.

—Has Lust such Charms,
Can make her fly to an Adulterers arms.

[*Can Lust make her a Whore.*] If Lust has more Charms than her Honour, or more Power over her, than the fear of that punishment or shame, that may attend an unlawful Love, perhaps it can. But for a *Virtuous Character* to wonder at it in a woman of her *Quality* and reputed *Virtue*; *Elkanah* has the confidence to think no Sin.

I'll right her wrongs, but I'll conceal her shame.

[*This Muly Hamet is an impertinent fellow, he will kill a man for lying with the Queen, though for ought he knows it may be her Husband, and lying with her, though with her own consent he calls wronging of her.*]

How is it likely he should be her Husband, she was very much in haste when her other Husband dyed but *two days* since; or how is it likely they should Marry and he not know of it? what an *obscure* person does he take a *Queen* for. The marriage of a Maid of Honour, would be blown over the Court in a less time: But perhaps they married *privately*, and so they had need if they were so hasty. But if *Muly Hamet* had thought so, he had greater reason to call *Crimalhaz* to account then before, for he that could be a *Queens second husband* so nimbly, might be very reasonably askt how he got the *first* removed.

Well, but for ought Mr. *Commentatour* knows, he might be her husband for all this: But then how could he wrong her when she consented to it? Preethy why didst not go on, and to show thy Learning tell us *Volenti non fit injuria*. But observe what a *Virtuous Character* in the Play calls a *wrong*, the debauching of a *Queen*. Consent makes a thing no wrong, only incases where people have a just and free Liberty to consent. As if a man stands still to have his Pocket pickt, he is not wrong'd because his money is at his own free disposal. But 'tis very reasonably suspected that a woman ought not to have a free disposal of her Honour, when not only her self but her Family suffers by the loss.

[*But then he carrying away Crimalhaz's his Sword as witness of his Crime, the King meeting him immediately, (as 'tis the nature of Fools to be inquisitive,) would needs see what Muly Hamet had got, and cries, Muly Hamet stay, what have you there. Just Jack Adams like, Cudden! What have you under your Coat Cudden,*] but by his favour, as I remember 'twas not under his Coat; but let that pass. The King seeing Muly Hamet with a drawn Sword in his hand at his Mothers Bed-chamber door, and asking him what have you there, is a *Jack Adams*: Had he not askt him, I will agree with him he had been so. Well there is but a right and a wrong, and if he be a Fool one way 'tis no matter which, with good natured Mr. *Commentatour*.

But she's my Mother, and I dare not guess—
Yet she's a Woman, and I can no less
Than start at horrors which my honour stain.

[*The Women are much beholding to the Poet, for the good Character he gives 'em. His King can no less than guess his own Mother to be a Whore, because she's a Woman.*] He's in his old road of reasoning without circumstances, yet she's a Woman, and I can no less than start at deeds of horror, as a *Queens* entertaining of a Man privately in a *Seraglio*, to which 'tis death to enter without the Kings Signet, which had been said six Lines before; or the Old acquaintance read *History*, and understand a little better the *Mahometans* severe rules of honour on their *Womens* score, nay go no farther than

than Spain, and thou'lt find how jealous they are of their *Womens* honour there : And how Capital a Crime 'tis for a Woman to keep company in private with any Man but her Husband. But the Men and Women both are much beholding to Poet Dryden, who has such honourable thoughts of them, and such good opinion of Mankind though Turk or Spaniard.

I'll make him infamous, low and condemn'd.

[He will disgrace Crimalhaz for lying with his Mother, he will tell all the world and make him ashamed of it.]

I'm much mistaken if the Immediate Lines do not convince him that the King will be guiltless of any such tales.

*Disrobed of all his Titles he shall bleed,
Like a Crown'd Victim to an Altar led.
Whose Wreaths and Garlands to the Fire are cast
And then the naked Sacrifice falls last.
That sinking Statesman undergoes the worst
Of deaths, whose honours and whose power dye first.*

Is not the loss of his honour, interest, and power, enough to make him infamous, low, and condemn'd without the divulging his Crime ? Besides if before he wrote his bundle of Errata's he had but read, he might have found that the way of the Arbitrary Mahometan Kings had not been to bring great Men to tryal and publish their Crimes, but to send their Mutes, to save the trouble of a Process ; and to take 'em off, without giving them satisfaction of knowing their offence before their death. Indeed I confess Mr. Drydens Mahometan King is something singular, and takes a more publick way of process on such an account as this : which for your diversion I'll entertain you with.

Boabdellin startled at Lyndaraxs, Zulims and Hamess impeaching his Queen of unchastity, of being Whored by Abdelmedek, like a Cunning Polititian to find out his horns takes this way of tryal : he immediately commands the Vivarambla, viz. the Market place to be cleared, that is, the Shambles and Stalls to be pull'd down, and a Stage or Scaffold to be built upon the place. Which done, the Adulterer and the Queen are led bound by the hands of his Common-Guards to the Stage. Her Majesty thus usher'd, and thus Seated, and her Gallant by her ; all the Windows round the place, like, Cheap-side at a Lord Majors Show, being pull'd down, and the Area crowded with such company as you may imagine so publick a place afforded, her tryal is as follows. The two Accusers challenge two of her friends, of which Almanzor is one and Ozmyn the other, who appearing on the Stage and stripping themselves to their shirts much after the manner of our Beargarden Duellers, the Trumpets sound. Then the Town Cryer, or some Officer much like, having aloud askt the Accusers their names and their business gives them their Oath, who downright swear the Queen is an Adulteress, and that they saw Rem in Re, then the other Party, having given the Accusers the lye in the face of the aforesaid Spectatours, justifie the Queens Innocence, and swear by the Alcoran too, that their cause is right. Which by the way is a pretty way of swearing to what they neither of them knew. For they neither of them saw what past between the Queen and Abdelmedek. She might be a Whore for ought they knew. Oh but they had a mental reservation, She was no Whore to their best judgment. Besides Osmyn was her Brother, and Almanzor her Lover, and though in the Scene before he had said [he knew her false.]

"She was as faultless as her Sex could be, &c.
 "Could she holily my flames remove,
 "And sell that hour to Abdelmelich's Love, &c.

Yet he is a Man of Honor, and to swear and lye for the Honor of his Mistress, I have heard has been pardonable in a Comedy. The Combatants then advance and fight, and judgment is askt of every thrust they make, which ended the surviving party or parties of one side carry the Cause, if Almanzor and Ozmin had join'd, the Spectators had had the Liberty of crying a Whore, a Whore, a Whore, but they surviving, the Queen is as Innocent as Child in Womb, all is well and the contented man has his goods again. If this be not an excellent decision of a Mahometan peice of Justice, who have the same above Christians in that Virtue, I leave the World to Judge. But the Chance of a duel is enough to satisfy so soft a pate as Boabdels in the dispute of his Wives Chastity. This is as Comical a proof of a Womans Virtue as the Mad Lovers Lian was of a Princess's. This is the Great and onely Turne of ten Acts of a Play. Prethee dear heart set up for Operas such Knight Errantry and Rominick Turnes may pass there, but Faith thy Talent of late years does not lye in Hensicks.

But perhaps hee'l Swear us down that at Granada this Ceremony was in fashion; which by his favour, hee'l hardly perswade any man of reason: but if it were their custom, the Author was infinitely mistaken in his Subject to Write a Tragedy of what was a Story fit onely for a Farce.

Yet nothing is so bright but has some Scars,
 Men can through Glasses find out spots in Stars.
 Yet nothing, &c.—

[He opposes Scars to brightness,] but how, he has not told us, [and makes his Heroe a ridiculous Coxcomb, that is next he is not faultless and immaculate.] In the foregoing Lines he says,

Oh weak foundations of a glorious name!
 I from the Field do a Crown'd Conquerour come,
 To turn a base Informer here at home.

Here I must confess he is next at a fault, and indeed that is a sin against the principles of Mr. Drydens Heroes. His commit greater crimes unconcern'd. His Philoctes takes his Queen Prisoner, and his Porphyrim comes in the disguise of a Moor to kill his King treacherously; an excellent piece of Roman Glory,

Love acts the part of Tributary Kings:
 As they pay homage to their Conquerour;
 Our kind Embraces are but Offerings
 Of Tribute to triumphant Beauty's Pow'r.

[Why does not Love as well act the part of Under-sheriffs or Bumbayliffs as they pay Fees to the high Sheriff.] Truly had it lain in our Commentatours way, he would have made this choice before the other. For I observe he has a very great humility in Similes.

"He Like a Subtle Maggot eats his way, &c.
 In Granada page 63.
 "As flies in Winter, when they miss the Sun.

Asads and Reptiles are Comparisons for his Heroes.
But now [for the boldest piece of scilicet Nonsense.]

'Tis Blasphemy to name, nay understand
What Princes act —

[If their actions be good, to name 'em is to speak well of Princes, yet wish him 'tis Blasphemy; that is, it is speaking ill of 'em, so speak well of them.]

Who says this? the Queen Mother, surpriz'd in the arms of Crimalbaz, who being told of the danger of a discovery, says, *Who 'ere has seen us knows I am a Queen.* That powerful word his silence does demand: 'Tis Blasphemy to name, nay understand what Princes act. What actions? a Id of what Princes is it Blasphemy to name, but of such as her self, and what she had committed? what has she to do in this exigence to reflect on the good deeds of Princes? or why must [what Princes act] be all that Princes act good or bad. But how is it Blasphemy to understand a thing? If to understand a thing, be to have a true and perfect Idea of a thing in ones thoughts. I'll ask him why may not thoughts be guilty of Blasphemy as well as thoughts commit Adultery. And so if to name the ill actions of Princes be a sin, why not the thinking of them.

Know, Traitor, I am Mother to a King:
His Pow'r subordinate from me does spring.
My Orders therefore should unquestion'd stand,
Who gave him Breath, by which he does Command.

[How is the Kings Pow'r subordinate to her because shes his Mother] I do not believe the Poet could think a Kings Pow'r sprung from his Mother, nor could he suppose *Laula* thought so when she said so. No more then his *Benzaid*, (when she said to the two Servants of her Father that were entrusted to see *Osmita* d'spatch'd.

"Say that to kill the guiltless, you were loath,
"Or if you did, say I would kill you both.)

Could think her Father would believe, if that had been their excuse, that two men could be frighted out of obedience, by one poor barmie's Woman's Threatning both their Deaths. And yet her saying so was not improper. If people in an exigence especially such whose guils has left 'em no just argument for their defence, should be silent, or say nothing but truth in their own behalf, all ill Characters would be suspected to have a tangle of Fool as well as Knave.

Is it not pitty now —
That grave Religion and dull steter Law,
Should the high flights of Sportive Lovers am.

[A very Herdick expression! Is it not pitty now, that there's a Law against Wenching the recreation is so sportive.] Yes indeed I am of thy mind 'tis pitty [the sporting couple tost and flung extreme'y if they had such high flights.] wix tossing and flinging are flights.

The recreation indeed may be sportive, but some calamities that may attend such kind of flinging and tossing may lessen the pleasure: as Breaking shins in Coaches

to get *Maiden-heads*, especially if the *Shins* were crazed before : and twenty other worse misfortunes.

No, though I loose that head which I before
Design'd, should the *Morocco-Crown* have wore.

[Wore for worn.] Amongst his *false Grammars* as he calls them, he has observed through the Play ; that the Author uses [wore] [bore] [besel] [shook] [took] [mistook] and [so look] in the *Preterperfect tense*, and that they should be [worn] [born] [taken] [shaken] [mistaken] [forsaken] and [befallen,] so that [I have mistook] or [I have forsook] is Nonsense. For he says they are only used in the *Aorist* : For this I only appeal to the customary reception of the words, and though [worn] [born] [shaken, &c.] Be only *Preterperfects*, yet [wore] [bore] [shook] &c. are used both in the *Aorist* and *Preterperfect tense*, and several other words, [I have eat] or [I have eaten] or [I have beat] or [beaten.]

Yet what's the fear of Tortures, Death, Hell? Death;
Like a faint Lust, can only stop the Breath.
Tortures weak Engines that can run us down,
Or skrew us up till we are out of tune.

[Down and Tune are excellent Rhime :] And are like to be so.

And Hell, a feeble, puny cramp of Souls :
Such infant pains may serve to frighten Fools!

[A mess of absurd stuff.]

[To stop the Breath properly implies a Death by smothering, choking or strangling, so that he's for hanging *Crimalhaz* with a Hatchet.] Is he so? No Faith, I'de have him behead him with a Hatchet; and if it be so, that beheading will not stop his Breath, let him Breath on a Gods name.

[And why a faint Lust? it is a strong Lust that stops the Breath.] Preethy old Souldier recollect thy self, the strengih of it is past when the Breath is stop.

[Tortures can run us down, or skrew us up, that is, Break all our Nerves and Arteries, Sinews and Bones in short, they can only Torture us.] I know it good Sir. But when *Crimalhaz* says they can on'y skrew us up or run us down, his business is not to tell you the manner of torturing, but his sense of the pain of it.

[Then what is Hell, a feeble puny cramp, an infant pain, he allows a Hell, and yet he says it is no Hell, 'tis but a cramp : he calls a place a Disease.] How, does he say 'tis no Hell? I thought in describing what Hell had been according to his sense of it, in saying 'twas a feeble puny cramp of Souls, He had implied that such a thing was. Ah! but a place cannot be a Disease. I thought Hell had signified the Torments of Hell, oftner then 'tis used for the place of torments.

[To write the Nonsense he stuffs in every Line would put the cramp in my fingers.] Well said Tom Thimble, Snip, Snap, Repartee. I hope the Nonsense thou hast written came from thee with less pain, or thou wouldst never have had the Courage to have wrote so much on't.

Since you have sullied thus our Royal Blood,
The Grounds and Rise of this past Crime relate,
That having your Offences understood,
We, what we can't recal, may expiate.

[That

[*That is, come since you have lain with my Mother, tell the Truth how it was,*] to give the reason why he lay with her, is not the description of the Circumstances how he lay with her; to have described those indeed had been perfect *Drydenism*.

A Womans frailty from a Womans Tongue.

[*As if it was a frailty to be Ravisht: She like the young Queen confesses her self a Conspiratour in her own Rape, &c.*]

Read but the immediate Lines.

*Whilst pensively I in my Closet sat
My Eyes paid Tribute to my Husbands Fate,
And whilst those thoughts my sinking Spirits seiz'd
His Entrance my dejected Courage rais'd.
The sudden Object did new thoughts produce,
My Griefs suspended, lent my Tears a truce.
For then I otherwise employ'd my Eyes,
Whilst in his Aspect I read Victories——*

And afterwards,

*Having a while upon each other gaz'd, •
He at my silence, I his Eyes amaz'd——*

Now let me ask him why such a Woman as she that desired to appear a *Saint*, may not call it a Frailty to desist from her Tears, and be diverted from her sorrows for her husband that dyed but Yesterday, by her sudden admiration of any object whatever.

But, Muly Hamet then your cruel Breast——

[*He ravisht her with his Breast, having a white skin, &c.*]

Muly Hamet was so unkind to cut off the Queen Mothers Speech in the middle; and this kind *Botcher* is pleased to piece it out. But why [*Ravisht*] *Sir Pol*, could no other Verb have followed [*Ereast*.] The Queen does not talk of Ravishing 'till twelve Lines after this; and sure *Muly Hamet* was not so hot, but he might stay a thinking while before the Sport began, and so *Muly Hamets Cruel Breast* might be first supposed to have harboured some thoughts to her dishonour, and some desires to be doing, before he fell to it.

——His alter'd Brow

*Wore such fierce looks, as had more proper been
To lead an Army with, than Court a Queen.*

[*He places a mans looks on his Brow, and says, his Brow wore looks, &c.*] In the last act the *Queen* says,

I should meet Death with Smiles upon my Brow.

This is so notorious an Error, that 'tis not a sufferer in the common Crowd, but is Arraigned amongst the *Capital sins* of the Epistle. This Common Barrater in Poetry is resolved to jar and quarrel with every thing: Surely he has lived long enough to understand better, (one would think) Has not he heard [*Brow*] used for the whole Face or Aspect of a man oftner than in a stricter sense? Nay, has he not in *Granada* said " I cannot clear my mind, but must my Brow, If [the Brow] be taken strictly,

then Boabdelin has liberty to make mouths at Almanzor, provided his Brow be clear still. I wonder how *fronti nulla fides* would scape with him, if the *Latine Ausbours* had the honour to be examined by him. But for Mr. Drydens sake, for once I'll alter these two Lines, and express their design'd sense in words at large, and no Synecdoche. 1. His alter'd Countenance wore such fierce looks, &c. 2. I should meet Death with Dimples in my Cheek, or with wrinkles in my Chin; for that is smiling: This would be almost as good as the incomparable Line of *Almerias*.

"Kil'd in my Limbs, reviving in my mind."

And as a Ravisher, I abhor'd him more
In that black form, than I admir'd before.

[She abhor'd him as a Ravisher in a black form, &c. this no body can make any thing of.] Let it be in [that black form still,] and any body will tell you what to make of it by what the word [that] points to.

Our holy Prophet dares not see him salt,
I'm sure, had he my Eyes——

[As if changing of Eyes would alter ones mind.] What says thy *Lyndaraxa* to this.

Page 93. "Fortune at last has chosen with my Eyes,
"And where I would have given it placed the Prize."

How often do expressions of this kind signify Eyes and inclination too? Sure this *Coffee-House Oracle*, thinks all Mankind his Cullies, If he expects to be cry'd up for such stuff as this.

The Powers above would shrink at what he felt.

[He has felt nothing yet as I know, but her, &c.] Sure the King had told him; that for his offence the Law required his death, and what means the Queen Mothers pleading for him, but that, supposing that Law were executed on him, the powers above would shrink at what he felt.

Here bind the Traytour, and convey him strait
To Prison, there to linger out his Fate:
Till his hard Lodging and his slender Food
Allay the Fury of his Lustful Blood.

[That is, here take this Letcherous fellow away, carry him to Prison, mortifie him; and take down his Mettle, that my Mother and my Women may live in quiet for him.] Since he's so good at Burlesquing; I may as properly apply it to Mr. Commentatour. Here take this wretched Scribler away, carry him to School agen, lash him, and mortify his Letchery of writing Nonsense, that the Town and the Press may be at quiet for him.

My Soul! Dull Man, what has my Soul to do
In such mean Acts as my betraying you?

Murder

Murder and Treason——

*Without the help of Souls, (when I think good,)
Such Toys I act, as I'm but flesh and blood.*

[*This is written like one that thinks without a Soul as his Queen Mother does. Such Villanies I act and think, as I'm but flesh and blood, &c.*] She says indeed she will act Villanies without the help of her Soul, as she is but flesh and blood; but for thinking without her Soul I cannot find any thing like it. For [*when I think good*] which indeed, is no more than (when I please,) reflects not at all, upon the designing or managing of her Treasons, or the acting of her Villanies, but only upon the time when she resolves to be Villanous. As if she had said, let me but once resolve to be Treacherous, and the acting of Treason is so customary to me, that it comes easie and unstudied.

*Hell! No, of that I scorn to be afraid.
Betray, and kill, and damn to that degree,
I'll crowd up Hell, till there's no Room for me.*

[*This is the principal buff of the Play, and by consequence thickest of Nonsense, &c.*] But you shall see how he proves it. [*The Queen Mother says she scorns to be afraid of Hell, yet she plainly confesses she is afraid of it, for she will kill and damn to a horrible degree to avoid it.*] At this rate every man that draws his Sword to defend himself, and offend his enemy, must be afraid of him. For her killing and damning to fill Hell till there's no room for her, is her Guard against the Power of Hell, as a mans sword is his against an enemy. And so why she is not afraid of Hell, she proves in the following Lines, for she shews that she need not fear it; but then this mighty man of morals disputes the dimensions of Hell, and the cause of damnation, and says [*she is the liker to come to Hell her self, than send others thither.*] Oh! then the Queen Mother tells a lye, and threatens to do what she cannot do; and therefore the Poet writes Nonsense. O thou Great Master of little wit, if all were Nonsense that persons in plays say more than they can do, I am afraid thy Granada must suffer a great Lop to be squared into sense.

Thy beloved *Almanzor's* rants would dwindle much to come within the compass of possibility; nay his large actions too, which the Poet will force the audience to believe performed, would suffer much correction, to be brought to standard measure. And so his Picture of *Achilles*, would be much disaced by it. But 'twere no great matter, *Achilles* would be but a little sufferer for the execution that was done him in effigie: for like the piece of painting with the superscription of *this is the Dog*, and *this is the Hare*, had he not told us he meant *Achilles*, the features and lineaments he has made of him, like *Hugh Clod pates* representing the King, would never have discovered the original without a marginal note. As I take it, I have heard that *Tamberlane* and *Bajazet* at the Red Bull, the four London Prentices, and the seven Champions of England Club'd their Talents to make up an *Almanzor*. But I rather think he had a more modern Original, and that Sir *Arthur Alder Mastie Dog* was his fire, for hee's very like him, when hee's let loose, he flies upon all persons without distinction and where he lays hold he worries. But this is his lest fault in pretending *Achilles* was his *Almanzor's* pattern, for he might read in *Juvénals* first Satyr—*Nulli gravi est percussus Achilles*. But his impudent profanation in his Epistle to that play, has arrogated a greater Divinity for the production of so unshap'd a Monster.

Nest

Next he says.

Betray and kill and damn to that degree.

[There he puts degree for number, and for Rhime sake makes it palpable nonsense. For whatever there is in betraying and damning, in killing there is no degree, no man can be more or less kill'd. In betraying and damning there may be degrees, but then it relates not to the number of the damned, but to the excess of their punishment.] Observe what artifice he has used to cheat you with an argument: he leaves out the line that follows.

*Hell! No of that I scorn to be afraid,
I'll send such throngs to the infernal shade, viz.*

For that ruin'd his objection. I'll send such throngs, (which was as good as numbers in any Poetical Dictionary) would have spoil'd all, for then [to that degree] would have related to the excess of the aforesaid throngs, and not to the excess of Punishment [But then why must all the kills be damned, &c. Poor innocent People would be hardly dealt with, to be kill'd and damn'd too, &c.] suppose here again, he says more than he can do: So did *Cassius*. I'll Plough the Alps to dust, and lave the Tyrrhene Ocean into Clouds, &c. And yet Ben did not write nonsense in this expression. But 'tis possible that his Empress might murder and damn too; but not innocent people, as commentator thrusts in to help on with the Impossibility.

How often the great Designers of Treason, have seduced other Inferiour Ministers to their assistance, and when their ends have been accomplish'd, have for their own defence betray'd and cut off the instruments of their design, he need not fly far to History to defend him: and if the making People Traytors, and cutting them off in the height of their Treason, do not give a great stroke towards their damnation too, I am much out.

*Monarchs do nothing ill, unless when they
By their own Acts of Grace their Lives betray.
When favours they too generously afford,
And in a Treacherous Hand misplace their Sword,
Their Bounties in their Ruine are employ'd:
Kings only by their Vertues are destroy'd.*

[They do not ill then it seems, to betray their Lives, provided they do not do it by Acts of Grace. Ingeniously infer'd.]

Prethee Mr. Dryden, why wouldst thou have *Alkanahs Heroe* tell his King to his face, that 'a King may' be a Knave, and can do ill things. Pray how ungentleman like is it in thy sense of honour for a perfect Character to say to his Prince, Kings can commit no faults but where their excess of Virtue is their crime. In the last Act, our good Friends is angry at

*Kings are Immortal, and from Life remove,
From their lower Thrones to wear new Crowns above.*

And says, [that *Abdelcador*, (who says this to Muly Hamet his King and Friend) in saying that all Kings go to Heaven speaks ill Divinity. Then to have spoken better Divinity, he should have told his King, that a King might be damn'd. Indeed

deed I confess Mr. Settle might have made his *Heroes* tell their *Kings* to their *Faces*, that a *King* might be a *Knave*, or damn'd, or the like; but then he must have intrencht upon *Granada*, and have made all his *Heroes Almanzors*, and his *Kings Boabdelsins*. 'Twill seem Ridiculous to give you an instance out of his *Granada*, because we all know 'tis the foundation of his Play, to have his King call'd fool, sot, and Puppy, or what is as bad, by his sawcy and masterly Companion *Almanzor*. Yet for once I'll venture.

In Granada Page 146.

Boabd. "How chang'd, and what a Monster am I made,

"My Love and Honour ruin'd and betray'd!

Alman. "Your Love and Honour? Mine are ruin'd worse!

"Furies and Hell, what right have you to curse?

"Dull Husband as you are —

"What can your Love, or what your Honour be?

"I am her Lover, and shee's false to me.

The King is afflicted for hearing his beloved *Queen* is strumpeted, for which *Almanzor* calls him *dull Husband*, what right have you to curse, what Love or Honour have you! No, that only is my right, I am her *Humble Servant*, and shee's false to me. Mr. *Dryden*, 'tis true, has told us in *Print* that his *Almahide* is a perfect Character, and consequently no strumpet, and the Audience had heard *Almahide* through the Play say She would be honest. And of any downright debauchery I acknowledge she is Innocent; making Love at first sight to *Almanzor*, and Baudy Songs to entertain the King and Court, being but a little harmless Gallantry, and no hindrance to the perfection of her Character, as you have been told before. But then how much more guilty is *Almanzor* to abuse an Innocent Ladies Honour. Had he enjoy'd her, and boasted of her favours, it had been a little more pardonable; yet not according to the rules of Honor, it being something *Drydenish*, ill-natured and unjaunty I should have said, to fair well, and cry Roastmeat, especially to a *Husbands face*. But as 'tis, 'tis unsufferable. To tell the King his wife was false to *Almanzor*, cannot but imply that she had promis'd him to be constant to her Intriguer, and by consequence lye with none but *Almanzor*, or else how is she false to him? But Cuckold which may be an honest mans case is the least aspersion *Almanzor* gives him, for in calling him *dull Husband*, what can your Love and what your Honor be, he does as good as call him Eunuch, and sot, and Cully, for if his wives debauching be no loss of his Honor, he is no better then the keeper of her small wares, and a Rascally Witsall. But after all this the King takes no notice, not so much as to make a repartee, nor has the Gallest animal so much Courage as Poet *Ninny* to cry, you are a Son of a Whore as well as my self. But there is good reason for it. The Author no doubt made him a Pattern of Virtue, and perhaps a piece of a Scholar too, that had read *Fortitudo consistit ferendo magis quam feriendo*.

Your Counsels weakly do my Ears attract.

[What is it to attract ones Ears; shall Counsels lug him by the Ears.] It must be this or Nonsense,] His Dilemmas are like the rest of his Logick.

Live then, till time this sense of Horror brings,
What 'tis to ravish Queens, and injure Kings.

[*What sense? for no body can tell*] 'tis a sign he keeps up his old good opinion of himself, that he's the Wisest of mankind, and if he cannot tell the sense of a thing no body else can.

You see the Fates do their Allegiance know,

[*As if she was Queen of Fates. Rather by her Character she is Queen of Sluts, Queen of Fairies, and Queen of Gypsies, all's one. But [Sluts] came first and is Authentick but now for one of his Queens in Granada.*

Benzaida.

"Blind Queen of Chance, to Lovers too severe,
"Thou rul'st mankind, but art a Tyrant here.

I thought that Lovers had been part of mankind. Does he make Demi-Gods or Monsters of them, that they come not in the list with mankind. But then in the second line, *Thou rul'st mankind, But*—— he implies some great distinction between ruling mankind, and being a Tyrant; but I vow to God I cannot find it out; for the Devil's in't if I do not think that Tyrants rule, and rule mankind too, though perhaps not so mildly as other Kings; I must confess if his verse could have held it, thou rulest the rest of mankind mildly but art, &c. there had been some appearance of sense; but no matter, 'tis wrapt up in Rhime, and I doubt not but Mr. Dryden has met with a Swallowing Audience as well as Mr. Settle.

Blind King of Poets, thou art too severe,
A Wit with all men, but a block-head here;

Our gilded Treason thus like Coral seems;
Which appears Black within it's native Streams.
But when Disclos'd, it sees the open Air;
It changes Colour, and looks Fresh and Fair.

[*He makes a gilded thing look like Coral and like a thing which first looks Black, and then looks faire.*] What wonderful Similes the Author makes. But our Commentator out-throws him a Bars length.

Alman. pag. 22.

"Whom pomp and greatness sit so close about,
"That he wants Majesty to fill 'em out.

As I take't, if his pomp and greatness sat close about him, they were fill'd out to his hand, without giving Majesty that trouble.

Disrob'd of all at once! what turns more strange
Can Ages, if an hour can make such Change?

[*Why what can Ages do more than rob one of all, &c.*] Yes ages can rob two or three of all. And if an hour could destroy the second man in a Kingdom, Ages might destroy whole Kingdoms.

The Daughters easie Breast would ill confer
A kindness on her Mothers Ravisher.

[*What*

[What do you think I would be kind to a man that is kind to my Mother] Honest Postaster let it be [unkind to my Mother.] Unless Ravishing be a kindness in thy Morals.

— Cruel Princess to whom Heaven
Has all its Titles but its knowledge given.

[Here he makes knowledge a title] Yes of Heaven dear heart;

Where I that Savage Ravisher I seem,
I still might Father this imputed Crime:

[The sense is, were I that real ravisher I seem, then I might seem the real ravisher I was] Were I a ravisher before I might be one now, might have past as well. But Mr. Notes has an excellent knack at illustrations, and 'twere pity he should be contradicted.

This Prison, and our private Interview,
Giving me pow'r & Attempt that force on you.

[Mariamne hearing him talk of attempting her is much pleased with him, and thinks him a Virtuous man presently]

Virtue ne'er dies, where so much Love does live.

[Nay and will buff the Gods in his behalf, what will she not do for a man so lusty.]

— I'll correct the Stars, &c.

I see our kind Friend improves. Before he ventured at discarding one line in a Speech, but here he has modestly snipt off eighteen. Sure Mariamnes kind answer came not so hasty. As I take it, she listen'd a little longer to some other discourse before she past him the Compliment of Virtuous.

Fly these infected Walls, this barb'rous Town.

[The walls are infected with Barbarity. Then supposing they were cured they would be civil well bred walls] I'm sure thou art infected with Malice: But so past all cure, that I cannot suppose so great a Miracle as thy Recovery.

Yes, in my Memory.
Absent you shall in my Remembrance Reign,

[He shall not only reign in her Memory, but in her Remembrance] He's a happy man then, and no doubt as he has her Kernel now, shal have her husk to when they meet agen.

To make you share those Frowns which threaten'd Me.

[What knack have they in Morosco of pickling of Frowns, did these Lovers divide a Barrel of pickled Frowns] Before he was for making the Emperors veines hold a Paleful, and now hee's for a Barrel of Frowns: a man that had been bred a Clark, and served seven years to an Exciseman, could not have had so Mathematical a head-piece [as his Postscript says of Poets] at gaging of measures;

*If his rash passions natures bonds should quit,
 And make him both my Sex, and Birth forget;
 Remember that you wear a Sword, and you
 As you're my Servant, be my Champion too.*

[*This Poet shews an excellent judgment in his choice of Characters.*] And why, because *Mariamne* desires her Lover, if her Brother should be as unjustly cruel to her as he was to him, to rescue her from his cruelty. I scarce believe the best and most *Virtuous* of her Sex, would think the Laws of honour so strict, to tie her to a Prison in compliment to a *Tyrannick* Brothers Humour. Such an obedience to a Father perhaps the Laws of *Heroicks* might exact.

*How dare you, Rebel, with things sacred sport:
 Ravish the Mother, and the Daughter Court?*

[*Fast as Citizens carry their Wives to see Madfolks in Bedlam, the King brings his Wife, his Mother and his whole Family to see Muly Hamet in Prison, and as it happen'd catch him Courting his sister, and very like himself falls a railing, and asks him how he dare sport with sacred things, Ravishing and Courting are the same things with him, both but sporting.*]

To see Madfolks in Bedlam — the Lyons in the Tower, or the Tombs at Westminster, it had been as much to the purpose, he's no unimitable man at *Similes*. then his whole Family. Sure the King of Morocco kept a very thin Court, if he had but Six in Family, for thereabouts was the number of Muly Hamets visitants: But if he means his whole Royal Family, then he must have included his Sister who came not with him, and Muly Hamet would have put in for a Cousin too: Therefore he could not mean the whole Royal Family. Mr. Commentatour then is not so expert in counting, as he was at measuring. But let that pass: Meaning he has if I were so learned a Clerk as to find it out; but since I cannot, I'll leave the Notes and examine the Scene in the Play. For I guess he would say for a King and Queen to visit a Prisoner is absurd. Truly I think Muly Hamets eminent services to his King and Country, and his near alliance to his King, might have extorted such a private visit without the violation of Majesty; But then Ravishing and Courting are both but sporting. [How dare you with things sacred sport] does not refer immediately to the Ravishing the Mother and Courting the Daughter but to the affront done to their greatness in the attempts. How often *Ludere sacris* has signified profaning things Divine, I need not beg my Readers for my advocates.

*Since Prisons no restraint o're Lust can have,
 Why did I not confine him to a grave?*

[*Since nothing can rule this Town-bull, I will have his Brains knockt out: This Discourse must needs move pitty.*] I'm sorry then *Elkanah* had the hint no sooner, but put in these two foolish Lines, when so moving a thought might have been had for asking.

Not circled in a Chain, but in a Crown.

[*To be circled in a Crown as men are in Chains, is to wear a Crown about his middle, or upon his Legs.*] Faith Mr. Bays is i'th right. He hits the Nail but seldom, but when he does, you'd swear he's an excellent Marksman.

Sir

Sir, You mistake a Dungeon for a Throne.

[*A very foolish mistake, as if one should mistake a Room for a Foyers-stool.] a very foolish one indeed, but such a one as is nothing to hundreds in Days his Nores; But take the foregoing Lines with thee,*

I design'd she shou'd

Be in a Palace, nor a Prison, wou'd I

Not circled in a Chain but in a Crown.

Sir, You mistake a Dungeon for a Throne.

Sure the mistake lyes in his taking a Dungeon for the place to Court his Sister in, not in taking a Room for a Joynt-stool.

These Prison-walls have Echo'd to your Sighs,

[*That Prison was built in imitation sure of the whispering place in Gloucester, else it could never Echo to a sigh.] Observe his Hyperboles, as his Almanz.*

And then I'll Thunder in your Ears,—you shall—

And his Duke of Arcos p. 151.

He lifted up his Thundering arm agen.

And then Judge whether the saying Muly Labas his Sighs were so loud that they made an Echo, or almanzors voice and his arm could rant, and strike so loud as Thunder, be the more train'd Hyperbole.

Tortures nor Chains, shall not my Love rebate.

[*As if it were a worse thing to be Chain'd than tortur'd.] Why, must Chains be worse than tortures? Yes, he's for Climaxes, and (ever since his*

" My Heart's not made of Marble nor of Brass)

'Tis hard to please him.

These Traitors walk, like Mad-men, in a Trance,

Seem not to understand the Crimes they Act.

[*Mad men in trances are most still, and do least harm.]*

Put the Comma after Mad-men, which was overseen in the Press, and then where's the fault to say, these Traitors walk in a trance like Mad-men; and if there be any fault 'tis comparing madness to a trance.

From Springs so deep shall sink thee down to Hell.

[*I have heard of sinking of a Well, but never of sinking people with Springs before.] I thought our wife Coffee-drinker had heard of every thing.*

*I shed my Tears as Rain in Egypt falls,
Sent for no common cause, but to foretell*

*Destructions, Ruins, Plagues, and Funerals; a solemn yet
I ne're draw Tears, but when those Tears draw Blood.*

[*Then they are not sent like Rain in Egypt to foretel: Omens do not use to accom-
pany or cause mischiefs, but threaten them: Our Poets Omens foretel things after they
are come to pass.*]

Did ever any man of common sense throw so much nonsense in so few words? He finds fault here that the Poets Omens do not do as Omens use to do: Omens use to threaten, not to accompany or cause mischiefs; viz. as the Poets Omens, he in-
fers, do; which he afterwards proves thus. For the Poets Omens foretel things after they are come to pass; which, between these three terms [*accompany*] [*cause*] and [*foretel after things are come to pass*] is; the Poets Omens come with things, or before things, for they come after things.

— *View that Brow, that Charming Eye*

See there the Grace and Meen of Majesty.

Can you so Exile then this Man enjoy,

Whose Soul must, like his Aspect, be Divine?

[*She accuses him of Ravishing her, and yet pleads for his pardon; and says he has
a Divine Soul, a charming Countenance, delicate Eye-brows, fine rowling Eyes, and
has a lovely Meen, is an excellent Dancer. Words that before any one but such a Fool as
Muly Labas would clear him.*] Which Muly Labas, does he mean, Muly Labas in the
Play, or Muly Labas in the Notes; he of the Poets making, or the Commentatours?
[*Charming Countenance, delicate Eye-brows, rowling Eyes, lovely Meen, and ex-
cellent dancer*] I confess have had so much favour with Bays, as to appear and plead
for Muly Hamets restoration. But the Author of the Play was more unkind to his
Heroe, to deny e'm appearance. But how does she accuse him of Ravishing her?
As I take it, that accusation had been over two hundred Lines before, *Oh! but
she once did, and therefore she does now.*

*Be gone, and fly to some infected Air,
Where Poysons brood, where men derive their Crimes;
Their Lusts, their Rapes, and Murders, from their Climes:
And all that Venome which their Soils do want,
May the Contagion of your Presence grant.*

[*He's for infecting the Air with poyson.*] Air dear heart in a civil way. [*and de-
riving Crimes from Climes.*] Yes, Child of grace do thee a kindness: Hast not thou
heard of national inclinations, of such people naturally jealous, and such proud and
the like. [*Their soyls? The soyles of the infected Air, or the soyls of the Climes.*]
neither, old Boy, neither. Men derive their Crimes from their Climes; [*their*] in
this Line refers to [*Men*] and why may not [*their*] in the next have the same
privilege. [*The whole is thus: Go to infected Air, and there piss venome like a Toad,
till the contagion fills the soyls of their Climes with Venome, and for the Lechery thou
hast shewn, maist thou infect infected Places with all the Rapes and Murders they want,
a most wise dom.*] Yes, as Commentatour has worded it.

*Since in your Kindoms limits I'm deny'd
A seat, may your great Empire spread so wide,*

*Till its vast largeness does reverse my doom;
And for my Banishment the World wants room.*

[These are the only Lines in the Play, that have any tolerable fancy, but like a Sute sent to a Butcher to finish; see how they are bungled together.]

[Since I am banisht your Kingdoms, Heaven's blessing on your Empire.] What he drives at here I cannot tell, unless he will not allow that Kingdoms may make an Empire, for I may well guess he has the same understanding of Empires as he had before of Kings. *May your great Empire spread so wide, till its vast largeness. [Bombazeen in abundance—May your great Empire grow so great, till its great greatness, or till its vast vastness, or large largeness.]* This indeed is Bombazeen in abundance; thanks to the Courtcom Laureat for his obliging kindness in helping us to it: which in a Marginal Note is, thanks to the Courtcom Laureat for his courtcom courtesie, or kind kindness, or obliging obligation; Bombazeen in abundance too. How harmlesly does this Cynick bite.

*He Lives, though he be banisht, and the Great
Arc never fully darkned, till they Set.*

[That is, great Links are never dark till they are out, as if little Links were out; before they were out.]

Why must [the great,] be meant great Links? Why not a Christmas Candle, *Wilt in a Wisp, Jack in a Lanthorn*, any thing, 'tis all alike to thee: Did ever any man of parts Scribble at this rate. Well, he has been a Wit in his Time, and so forth, but see what Age can do; 'tis pitty his Mercury should be evaporated, 'tis huge pitty, but Age Age as I told you before.

*This work, which we so roughly do begin
Zeal and Religion may perhaps call sin.
No; the more Barb'rous garb our Deeds assume,
We nearer to our first perfection come.
Since Nature first made Man wild, savage, strong,
And his Blood hot, then when the world was Young:
If Infant-times such Rising valours bore,
Why should not Riper Ages now do more?
But whilst our Souls wax Tame, and Spirits Cold,
We only shew th'unactive World grows old.*

[Now if infant times had such perfection, why should not riper ages go beyond perfection, that is, if the World was so old and perfect whilst it was young, why should it not grow younger and more perfect now it is old! an ingenious inference.]

If infant times had a great perfection, why may not riper Ages have a greater? he has never heard of greater or less perfection. But marke his last observation.

[If the World was so old and perfect when 'twas young.] The Poet had told you, in the Infancy of times man were *savage, strong, hot blooded*, &c. that is, as Bays has it, were old and perfect. I wonder how [old] got in. Prithce do not flatter thy self, [dear heart, old and perfect] (unless you mean mallice and nonsense be perfection) will not go together in thy Sphear. Then the Poet says when the World was young, mankind was so or so. But he looses [Mankind] on which the discourse is built, and says when the World was young the World was so or so. *Was ever such a Rapsody of Impertinence Printed, Nay and whats worse, own'd by*

by the man that calls himself the *greatest Wit in the Nation*. I am afraid the apparent *magnitude* of his Wit, will dwindle like his Sun in *Annum Mirabilis* 1717, 100.

"That happy Sun, said he, will rise again
 "Who twice Victorious did our Navy see,
 "And I alone must view him rise in vain,
 "Without one ray of all his Star for Me.

I much suspect the Squire (for I think that was his Title when his *Annum Mirabilis* came out) was like his *Silk-worm* in *Granada*

"Lost in his own web of thought;

When he made the Sun a Star: like *Hamlets Cloud* first a *Whale* and then a *Wezel*. But perhaps this man of learning avoided the *Reading Astronomy*, as *Elkanah* he says, did *reading the Bible*, for fear of *spoiling his Fancy*: and indeed it had been pity such a *Fancy* as this should have gone lame, though *Astronomy* had been made a *Cripple* by it. But no matter the Poet has heard the Sun and Moon are Planets: and all Planets you know are Stars. But (laying aside his *Astronomy* and granting the Sun a Star,) the Sun has not one ray in all his Star for me if he makes this *English*, or *sense*, Mr. *Settle* shall resigne all interest in the *Apollo* over the *Kings Box*, and compliment Bays his sweet face with the place,

To him, who Climbs by Blood, no track seems hard:
 The sense of crimes is lost in the reward:
 A spurs neither Guilt nor danger dread,
 No path so rough Ambition dares not tread.

These lines he has little to say to, but that [they are rag'd with hard words, and end the act.]



A C T The Fourth.

How! *Crimalhar* up to the Mountains fled,
 And with him the *Morocco Forces* led.
 Oh Rebel!

[Oh Rebel! being all he says of him, is as Comical as if he had call'd him arch wag.] Well but as I take it, the King and his Lords said a great deal more of this arch wag, then these two lines. Aye, but they had as good have held their tongues, for they said nothing to the purpose, his King should have gone on, if our *Billingsgate* Friend had the *Instructing* of him. With oh damn'd Son of a Whore run away with my Army, you Dog, you Rascal, you Rogue, bring it back again, when on the Contrary our Poet makes him [leave off his Quarrel to *Crimalhar* and abuse poor Innocent Gold Inhumanely.]

The

The nameless Lord. *Sir he only does persue
That Treason which you lent him Pow'r to do:
He was your Treasurer, and has made bold
To be too strict a Guardian of your Gold.*

[He makes a Thief a Guardian] I wonder he did not persue his hint in the second act, and affirm that Muly Labas his Gold was as great a fool as himself, and so chose this arch way for its Guardian. It had been very witty: but no matter, thy Ramphlet is so well stockt with Wit already that it does not want it.

*Encamped on Atlas skirts, be by your Gold
Has Rish'd new Forces, and Confirm'd the Oil,*

[In the last Scene of the last act Crimalbar was in Morocco. A pretty leap Elkanah makes him take from thence to Atlas, 130. miles.] read, Friend, read, and thou'lt find thy mistake here as great as in the River Tensift before. The skirts of Atlas come within 13 leagues of Morocco, which in the notes is 130 miles. But here lyes his mistake, the skirts of a Hill, and the top of a Hill is all one to him: sure he takes a Hill for a Mole upon the face of the earth, as a Peer and Kinsman of his in the maid in the Mill has it, and if one part be a hundred Miles off, the whole can't be much less. 'Tis well Geography did not lye in his way, what sufferers would the Alps and the Apennines or the Mountain Taurus have been, if our bold friend had had but a Snip at their Tails too. But Heaven be prais'd though Sense and Poetry have felt his heavy hand, Geography escaped.

But now for [Poor Gold which the King falls upon so Satyrically.] First, our Commentatour will not graite the inveying against Gold or Ambition which animated Crimalbar to be a Rebel, to be allowable in the King, or at least to have any affinity with his displeasure against Crimalbar. I'de ask him why does his Almahide make a long Harangue upon opportunity.

"Thou vain seducer opportunity,

"Of woman-kind half are undone by thee, &c."

When she ought to have exclaim'd against Almanzor that made use of that opportunity to her disadvantage, and not abused poor opportunity. How frequently in this manner are reflections on the Causes of things for the effects used in Poetry, and Oratory, in all Languages. But next for the nonsense.

*Oh profane Gold, which from infectious earth,
From Sulph'rous and contagious Mines takes Birth.*

[Gold is profane because it takes birth from infectious earth, viz. Infection is profane.] Why [because] cannot it be profane and infectious too, but it must be one because 'tis the other. Cannot thy Malicious Pamphlet be nonsensical but nonsense must be Malice? [Then takes birth, to be borne has a passive signification, and to take Birth, an active one, and one that takes Birth, is author of his own Birth.] He that reads Says his Pamphlet though a stranger to his Person and his style might swear a Poet wrote it, for his observations are much like the growing of the Plot of a Play in the fourth act. The nonsense grows as the notes do, and here it begins to thicken. The lowest Boy in Westminster would have told him that [to be Borne]

borne] was a passive verb, and [to take] an active, but [to take Birth] is as far from a Passive signification, as his notes on *Moracco* are from the sense or meaning of the Author. Nor is he that takes birth Author of his own Birth, any more than Mr. Dryden is of his own Plays; his kind Friends *History Poetry and Romance* (as the Boy that was askt who made him laid of his Father and Mother;) found stuff towards the making of them. I thought that the *Womb* that produces such or such a thing gives it Birth, and the thing that is born takes it, and yet it is not its own Author.

[Then he makes the same thing *Sulphurous and Contagious*, whereas *Sulphur* is one of the best things in the World against Contagion. Did ever any man of experience in the World talk so ridiculously of *Physick*? If he had understood *Minerals* (as I wonder he does not) he would have known that *Mercury, Sulphur, &c.* Are Medicinal when sublimated, or used according to art; but in their own nature in the Mine, or in excess their very vapours are mortal.

*It grew from Poysons, and has left behind
Its native Venome to infect Mankind.*

Here Mr. Critick writes [it grows from Poysons] which in the Copy is [it grew from Poysons] which varies the sense. [Gold has left Venome behind] has no Construction in it, unless Gold has first fled away and left mankind its venome. [Has left behind] I esteem as good sense, as [still retains,]. What does he mean by "Had I yet left a Country to maintain, [has] is the verb, and [left] a Participle, and not [left] the Verb and [has] the signe of the Prererperfect tense, Which in Latine would be better distinguish'd by the difference between *Reliquit*, and *habet sibi relictum*."

Rapes, Murders, Treasons—what has Gold now done?

[What Verb governs Rapes, Murders, Treasons.]

"You are—you shall—and I can scarce forbear."

what is the Substantive after [you are] and what is the Verb after [you shall?]

*If it has ever any Glory won,
Given to reward a Virtue, or decreed
T'a Pious use, or Charitable deed;
That sacred Pow'r's but borrowed, which it bears,
Lent from their Royal Images it wears.*

[Here he infers that no Gold can be given to a Pious use but stamped Gold, viz. money. Ingots or Plate can do nothing, or are worth nothing, the intrinsic value of Gold being in the stamp.]. Why does the Poet infer that no Gold can be given to a Pious use but stamp'd money? Because the King having lost his Treasure all his money being stoln from him, reflects upon the ill that Gold has been the Author of, therefore his discourse must relate to all Gold in all shapes Ingots Plate, Chains, Collars of Office, Rings, Thimbles, Bodkins, or any thing, for they may be given to a Pious or Charitable use; as if he had not been strangely forgetful he might have recollected from the Publick Faith in the days of the Committee. But great Wits have bad Memories.

But

But if [Elkanah, as Notes says, has but little acquaintance with Gold, by his mistakes in it.] I'll do him the favour to examine his acquaintance with it, by his larger understanding of it.

In the Indian Emperour, the first Scene.

"*Me thinks we walk in Dreams on Fairy Land,*
 "*Where Golden Ore lyes mixt with common Sand ;*
 "*Each downfal of a flood the Mountains pour*
 "*From their rich Bowels, rolls a Silver shower.*

A silver shower made of golden Ore, is the prettiest Poetical piece of *Chimistry* that has been heard of. But perhaps he'll tell you that to convert gold Ore into silver, he allays it with common Sand, and that both of them together make a silver shower ; indeed so miraculous a composition may do much. And take it Gentlemen which way you will, the expression is so excellent in either sense, that Handy Dandy, 'tis no matter which you choose.

But to show you the Squire was not altogether unacquainted with Gold *sub tenui panno* in his Muses *Minority*, viz. in his *anno atatis*, thirty and a Way-bit : You shall hear what he says of it then, in his *annus Mirabilis*.

Stanza 139. "*As those who unripe Veins in Mines explore,*
 "*On the rich Bed agen the warm Turf lay,*
 "*Till time digests the yet imperfect Ore ;*
 "*And know it will be Gold another day.*

If Gold lay no deeper in the Mine than that the taking up of a Turf would come at it, surely the world has been much mistaken, in representing the slavery and toil of those who dig Gold: if it lay so shallow, as he imagins, the digging up of a Radish, or a Daisy Root would be the harder piece of work of the two. I am afraid the rich Bed as he has described it, is little less Poetical, then Parsly-beds for the conception of Children.

And the covering a Gold Mine with a warm Turf, is much about the excellence of the Poetry upon the Two Children in the Wood, and the Robin Red breasts that covered them with Leaves. You may see by our Authors Notions, at what Age he began to write man : But the perfection of so immense a wit like the production of Hercules required a longer time than ordinary. And though upstart and illiterate Scriblers, as his Preface says of Elkanah, might Cruise upon the Coasts of Poetry at twenty, (pardon the Allegory ; for ever since [Hook of Love] Poetica licentia will make bold.) But such a prodigious Sun and Star in Poetry [Hook agen] ascended not so soon into his Orbe [Web of thought, as our friend has it] — Kindness will shew it self. I could go on now Allegorically, but shoeing out, and never stopping to bait at Heaven has been before, &c.

Kings Bounties as like the Swans Courteous smiles,
 Whose rays produce kind Flowers on fruitful Soyls :
 But cast on barren Sands, and baser Earth,
 Only breed Poysons, and give Monsters Birth.

[Bounties are very like smiles, &c.] and in his examination of the Epistle, on the same Lines he says, [the Poet calls a smile Courteous, and says a Kings Bounty as like a smile : It had been more like sense to have said Kings in their Bounties as like smiles,

smiles, and yet it had been ridiculous enough to compare a King to a smile; &c.] No man sure but one that had been drunk when he wrote it, and never sober afterwards to excuse it, between the time it was writ, and the day it was published, could have exposed himself to the world so senselessly malicious, and so wilfully dull as this Farce of a man has done.

The Poet says,

Kings Bounties are like the Suns smiles.

Therefore says Notes [*a Kings Bounty are like a smile.*] Prethee take the Sun in, and be not more unkind to him here, than in your *Annus mirabilis*: to shrink him into a Star was severe, but to make a Cypher of him is a little too hard. Then he says [*Bounties are very like smiles.*] Nay now King and Sun are both lost, and the dispute lyes between Bounties and smiles, and they too are like one another, not are like one another; the comparison being in their resemblance not in their effects. Did ever any man so chop and change, and confound things and qualities, actions and beings so dully and to so little purpose; then his Epistle makes one more remark, that [*those Sands are not properly barren that produce Monsters and poysons.*] I cannot say they are strictly barren, but I can say that this is not the first time they have been call'd so: But I am certain Sands that produce nothing else, can as improperly be call'd fruitful for the production of Monsters, as a Dutch-woman can be so call'd for the Birth of a *Seesterkin*, or Land so called that bears nothing but Weeds, I am certain such Sands are more properly barren, than *Granada* could be empty when *Almanzor* and *Almahide* were out of it.

Almarz. "We leave the City empty when we go."

But you shall see what Mr. Dryden calls Barren: In his first Page of the *Indian Emperour* he says of Mexico.

"Corn, Wine, and Oyl, are wanting to this Ground,
"In which our Countries fruitfully abound.

And twelve Lines after he says.

"No kindly showers fall on our Barren earth,
"To hatch the seasons in a timely Birth.

Here he calls Spain a Barren Earth, which in the first two Lines was a more fruitful Country than Mexico, producing Corn Wine and Oyl, which Mexico did not: How much more barren then must Mexico be? and yet he told you that was a happy Climate in the first Line.

"On what new happy Climate are we thrown.

But a Barren Country fruitfully abounding with Corn, Wine, and Oyl, shall and must be sense: for 'tis very unreasonable that our Grand master in Poetry should be less Authentick, then Aristotle in Philosophy: Why not Dixit Dryden, as well as Dixit Aristoteles.

Perhaps you have mis-interpreted his Breast.

[*This Phrase is not very proper.*] Proper enough for so modest a Poet.

*He who forced Favours both from Fate, and Fame;
Made War a Sport, and Conquest but a Game.*

[*Forcing Fate is altering on's; which is ill Divinity in Morocco.*] Pray what Religion was Zulema of, when he said page 19.

*"Would you so please, Fate yet a way would find,
"Man makes his Fate according to his mind.*

Was not he a Mahometan too: And what says Abdelmedeck speaking of Almanzor. page 17.

*"Fate after him below with pain did move,
"And Victory could scarce keep pace above.*

Which last two Lines if he can show me any sense or thought in, or any thing but bombast and noise, he shall make me believe every word in his *Observations on Morocco* sense.

[*A nameless Lord would persuade the King that Crimalhaz has put a very honourable trick upon him, with running away to Atlas with his Army, which should defend Morocco against Taffalet, as he says a while after, and that honest Crimalhaz*

*Has from the common rout,
Of the worlds Beauties singled honour out.*

The common rout of Beauties is excellent sense:] If he that speaks it be of opinion that honour is the worlds greatest Beauty, I think it pardonable in him to call inferior Beauty the common rout of Beautys in comparison of that: But now for the greater fault the Lords persuading the King that Crimalhaz, &c. I wonder where the fault lyes for the Lord to judge of the intentions of Crimalhaz, which he gives you his reason for, and tells you how he may possibly mean honestly.

*You know that Crimalhaz his high Command
Was formerly in Muly Hamets hand:
He who forced Favours both from Fate, and Fame;
Made War a Sport, and Conquest but a Game.
And therefore be, perhaps, to all some Deed
Which Muly Hamets glory may exceed,
Has for his Mistress from the common Rout
Of the worlds Beauties singled Honour out.
And that which makes him his Designs disguise,
He'll make his flight of Honour a surprise.*

— as showers Luxurions grow.

[*The Luxury of showers I never understood, but that Rain takes no pleasure in its Luxury I am certain.*] Then he has heard Luxury in Men is their taking pleasure in such or such an excess, which showers cannot do. is Luxury used in no larger sense, Has not he heard of Luxurions Branches of Trees, and yet though Trees are as little Epicures in taking pleasure as Rain; yet [*Luxurions Branches*] is not Nonfence.

As Mountains Bulwarks are at Land, but Rocks at Sea.

[That is, Mountains if any body should misplace 'em, and whip 'em up, and carry 'em into the Sea would turn Rocks, ipso facto.] Why must these Mountains at Land be thrown into the Sea? are there not enough there already? Let those serve turn and save him that trouble.

*Out-face his Treason ere its rise begin,
Men bashful are it's nonage of a son.*

[That is, out-face that which is now Treason before it be Treason.] He's at his Polinicks agen, just at the old rate. Why is not Treason, Treason, till it is set a foot, and put in action, I was of opinion that a resolution or a designe of Rebelling against a King, might be Treason; but as before he would not allow thoughts could be guilty of Blasphemy, now thoughts cannot be guilty of Treason. [Besides the English of its rise beginning is naught, Treasons rise cannot begin of it self.] No I am of his mind: but if Criminals design'd to be a Traytour, no doubt he'd be so kind to lend his helping hand to put his Treason forwards.

Your thoughts can't reach the flights which Treason takes.

[If he means by flight the Wit of Treason, it must be thus, Treason's a witty thing you do not understand, he takes her for an errant a fool as himself.]

Whatever the Poet means by the flights of Treason, if he had made his King tell his Mother, whom he supposed virtuous, she had understood the flights or subtleties of Treason, it would have been as gross a Compliment, as to tell a chaste Woman, Madam you understand the tricks, and intrigues of Filts and Whores. I think that the Complimenting the Queens knowledge and understanding in Treason would have reflected upon her conversation and experience in it. But no matter, he would have every Body as little Complimental as his Almanzor; and because he makes no respect of Persons, like the Fox in the Fable, &c.

*Kings that want Armes, do not want Majesty.
Heav'n is still Heav'n, though't lays its Thunder by.*

Which he Prints [Heav'n is not Heav'n.] He made an Errata at the end of his Epistle. But why his Eyes should be so dim or his Spectacles so dull, as to let such as these slip without the least mentioning them amongst their fellows I cannot guess, unless he design'd them: for in several places he quite varies the Authors words and sense, and builds some of his Arguments on the mistakes he has imposed upon him. [As if any Fool believed Thunder made it Heav'n] As if any Fool believed the Author either said or meant so, for he says Heav'n is still Heav'n without it. [Here he compares his having his Army taken from him to Heav'n's Voluntary laying its Thunder by, for if it wanted Thunder as he Arms, or could be rob'd of it; it were no Heaven as certainly as Mr. Settle is no Poet.] O then the Simile does not come within the bounds of Logick, and because Heaven Voluntarily lays its Thunder by, and the King perforce wanted Armes, therefore his want of Arms, and Heavens of Thunder, have not comparison enough for a Simile. If he be so strict I'll examine one of his best Similes at the same rate.

"My Soul is soft, which you may gently lay
 "In your loose Palm; but when 'tis prest to stay,
 "Like Water it deludes your Grasp, and slides away."

Now methinks (under his strict laws of Similes) to lay a Soul in the Palm of a mans hand is a very pretty Poetical Art, but no doubt the Laureat has read Philosophy, and heard that a Thousand Souls may lye on the point of a Needle, and therefore a mans hand is no confinement. But then to make a Soul as soft as water, would have rais'd a discourse of forty lines, in Mr. Granada's Observations, if Mr. Morocco had been the Author. But Heaven forbid Poetry should be so circumscrib'd, be once in thy life good Natur'd; *Veniam petimus dabimusque vicissim.*

Go easy Fool, and Dye, and when you Bleed,
 Remember I was Author of the Deed.

[Here she bids him dye first, and then Bleed.]

I thought [bleed] and [dye] had refer'd to the same thing. Go dye but when you are dying remember, &c. but the Poet must keep to his word.

[Here he makes bleeding an action. Bleeding is a suffering and no action by the Poets leave.] But by Notes his leave though bleeding be a suffering in Muly Lahat, It is an action in the Queen, if she or others by her contrivance give him that wound by which he bleeds. Never was little Wit better employ'd.

Enlarge Fates black records, search but my Soul:
 There ye Infernal Furies read a scrawl
 Of deeds which you want Courage to Invent;
 Of which Hells Legends want a President.

[Here he supposes fate that necessitates all actions records 'em done; which is nonsense.] How many hundred times has the Book of Fate and the records of Fate the registers of Fate or the like been used.

Alman. "Kind Heaven thy book of Fate before me lay,
 "But to tear out the Journal of this day."

But then why does he suppose Fate that necessitates all actions records 'em done? If he'll make us go to the strictness of proving what Records Fate has, where kept, and by whom wrote: Why may not we suppose Subministers of the Fates to write their actions, some under Clerks to the Committee of Destinies. Or why must it be nonsense if we suppose the Fates take the trouble on themselves and write their own Journals.

[But reading of a Soul is Nonsense.]

He'd take it ill if I should at the same rate say, "a Scrawl with this inscription Benvenices Soul were Nonsense."

Did ever any man take such freedom in Poetry and allow so little.

Such storms as these this Climate never knew.
 A shower of Hail's an Object strange and new.

[Such storms as one shower is admirable English.]

Why

Why such forms as one shower? I read it such forms as these, and not such forms as this; and the foregoing Line relates to showers of Hail in general, which that Climate never knew, and [a shower of Hail] in the second Line to that particular shower that then fell. As if it were false English to say, such arguments as thine are all malice but no sense, for an argument of thy making has neither wit nor reason in it. If this be false English so let it be, but I am sure 'tis true demonstration.

My Country Princess and my King forsook.

[Forsook is false English.] Why not [forsook] the passive participle as well as [forsaken.]

*These Tempests, Sir, are to my sufferings due,
When my King frowns, 'tis just that Heaven frown too!*

[When my King frowns 'tis just that it should Hail.] Muly Hamet makes this answer to Abdelcador, who surprised at so unknown a storm in that Country tells him.

*I fear it does portend some ill event,
That waits upon your fatal Banishment.*

Sure then Heavens frowning was not in the Hail, but the Ills that it portended.
[Mariamne having alone found out Muly Hamet says.]

*Wing'd by that zeal united Souls do bear
Those Stars that smile on Lovers, brought me here.*

[That is first carried upon wings of zeal, and then upon Stars; besides the single zeal of her one Soul is that which two Souls bear.]

But first, why did Mariamne find him out alone.
In the same Scene a Chariot that brought her thither is mention'd.

In her own Chariot to Morocco forc'd.

And sure she did not drive her Chariot her self: and if the Chariot could have been brought upon the Stage, no doubt the Poet would have lent her some attendants to appear with her.

But why upon Stars! If the Stars had took her up on their backs to bring her thither the Stars sure had long arms to set her down gently agen without letting her fall. But why may not the Stars be supposed to have influence or power enough to bring her thither without the trouble of thy Trumpeter Hornets

"That slide on the back of a new falling Star.

I must confess the Poet if he had thought on't, might have introduced her by a Machin, and have had the opportunity of a song like Nakar and Damilears with ne're a word of sense in it, but 'tis too late now, and it must e'ne pass without that Decoration. But then why is the single zeal of her soul that which two souls bear? Yes by Bays his reason. If her Soul has the same zeal that all united Lovers souls have, therefore her single Soul has all the zeal of those Lovers, and those Lovers themselves have none.

I see your faith my wandering steps engage;
Devotion is the wife of Pilgrimage.

[This Princess is no better then she should be, to sell one whom she is not Married to that she adores him, &c.] certainly Devotion, and adoration are removed many Degrees. Devotion amongst Lovers, is as Piety between Masters and Children, or the like; 'tis no adoring, nor deifying one another. But if Mariamne be profane, as he calls her, for her Pilgrimage, in leading the Court to follow her Lover I wonder how much more profane is his Benighted, whose Devotion to Ozmin proceeds farther then being a Pilgrim for his sake, she offers to dye for him, and fall a Sacrifice for Ozmin's safety. Does she adore Schin, or make him a God, if she falls a sacrifice to appease his anger.

None of my Actions can his Judger be,
But they who've soul enough to love like me.

[He, by: [they] and [soul,] which are of different numbers would infer that many men have but one soul.]

None of thy reasons can his Judger be,
But they who've dull enough to praise like this.

I'm certain he that reads this Pamphlet, and believes there went three head pieces towards the production of this Rarity, will infer that one rational soul will o're stock twenty such Scriblers.

No Sir, thou dost belye his Name.

[He calls him Sir first, and then gives him the lye, and wrongfully: For he does not belye his name, when he calls him by Prophaz.] As I take it there was something else said about the Prophet besides his name, in which he belyed him. But Notes is a Courier and has found out that, [Sir,] is a compliment, and [the lye] an affront and therefore this Line is faulty, or the Character of Muly Hamet, that Scharomau-cio-like, flatters and abuses in one breath. [Am-h the Rhime so Nam-o to, it should be Nam. But Hamet alhaz takes no notice but goes on:] He was not so witty at observations as Bays, or no doubt he had hope to have taken notice of so great a fault.

Your Mistress too must your misfortune find.

[That could not be, she could not loose a Mistress.]

This is almost as Politick a reason as Abolmetech's page 25. of a Prince and a Rival.

If a Prince Court her, whom I adore,
He is my Rival, and a Prince no more.

Well here's one excellency in Bays, 'tis a perfection in a Poet to keep constant to his style, and I assure you this does; for his Plays and his Notes are all of a piece.

[Besides he says 'tis his Fate, and his Prophet has doom'd him into the Bargain, yet calls it his misfortune, as if that happened by chance that were necessitated.]

How many hundred times has misfortune and Fate been indifferently used, without relating to the chance of the one and the necessity of the other.

No Title his eternal will confute.

[Here he makes the Will which is *cæca facultas* to be opinion, for nothing can be confuted but opinion. It had been nearer sense, though it had not been sense, if he had said confute understanding. Because the Will in men subject to passions is *cæca facultas*, therefore the eternal will of a Divinity is *cæca facultas* with Mr. Commentatour: It had been more for his purpose to have affirm'd that the understanding, (that is, if measured by his) had been *cæca facultas*, for his has not the best Opticks I have met with.

She is a Beauty, and that Name's her guard.

[Here he makes the Quality of a Woman to be her name.] If I should say thou art a wit, as a complement it might pass, but for a name, 'twould be severe, for 'tis the greatest Nick-name that was ever put upon thee.

But then why nothing confuted but opinion! I thought arguments might be confuted, and yet men may hold arguments quite contrary to their knowledge or opinions, as I doubt not but thou hast done many, or thy Pamphlets had never swell'd so big.

Good Fates as due should be to Beauty given:

[Give a Debt is none of the best sense,] but give a man his due will be sense, as long as thou writest Nonsense, and art laughs at for it.

Beauty which decks our Earth, and props his Heaven.

[Whose Heaven? Mahomet is not spoke of in fine Lines.] But I am satisfied he is spoke of, and to what can [his] refer to but Mahomet, [when how Beauty props Heaven he must tell us, for most think it sends more to Hell than Heaven.] If thy great reading in so many Years has not inform'd thee, how Beauty props the Mahometan Paradise, Thou art too old now to learn.

When Heaven to Beauty is propitious,

It pays those Favours it but lends to us.

[Heaven pays favours to Beauties but lends them to men.]

[Favours are gifts: He gave debts before, and now he lends gifts.] Why must Favours be always gifts? He might have gone on and said, that the Poet pays gifts, for he talks of paying favours as well as lending them. But I perceive the modest Commentatour thought his argument had Nonsense enough before, and therefore to have proceeded any further would have been superfluous.

With patience bear the Language of the Skie.

Heaven when on Earth it does some Change fore show,

Does write above what we must read below.

[Here

[Here for want of Philosophy he calls Heav'n the sky; and the Language of the sky as he describes presently is Hail, a fine white Language; which Hail he thinks ingendred in the sky: he has never heard of the middle Region.]

If Hail (because the Poet calls it the Language of Heav'n, viz. An omen of ill in Morocco as is afterwards exprest,) must necessarily be engendred in Heav'n, I may as well tell Bays that his Bundle of Errata's are Written in his fore-head, and no where else.

The ethereal walk was uninhabited.

[No walk was ever inhabited.] What does he take inhabiting for, sitting lying and sleeping? I thought Gardens and galleries had been part of Habitations, as well as Bedchambers, or Closets.

A Mourning Garb of thick black Clouds it wore.

[Penance is done in White, and that white is no Garb, besides garb includes motion and mean, &c.]

Because for one offence Penance is done in white, therefore there must be no other doing of Penance, or no Penance can be done, but in white; Then white is no garb. he should be a great Wit by his ill Memory. In the first Act, he askt if Fetters were the crape or the Purple that Princes mourn in, which was as much as to say that dress only could be a garb, but here garb has a larger commission and includes motion and mean. But then why crape and Purple should be garbs, and not white crape or any other sort of white dress is too nice a criticism for my understanding.

*The clouds dishevel'd from their crusted Locks,
Something like Gems coin'd out of Chrystal Rocks.*

[Besides the nonsense of crusted locks of Clouds, dishevel'd is never made a verb, but if it were, to dishevell Gems from locks is nonsense, but 'tis as proper as coining of Gems, no body stamps Jewels.]

Why not Crusted locks of Clouds as pardonable an allegory as fleeces of Clouds in his description of Ships. I'me certain [dishevel'd] is a more pardonable verb, then [elemented] an Adjective.

"Thy Mortal Elemented Son, in Granada.

Then because Jewels cant be stampd therefore Gems cant be properly cal'd coin'd out of Chrystal Rocks. What does he think of money that has been run in a mould is not that coine as well as stampd money. Why then must the verb [Coine] signifie only to [stamp].

*Of those I reacht a Grain, which to my sense
Appear'd as cool as Virgin innocence:
And like that too (which chiefly I admir'd)
Its ravish'd Whiteness with a touch expir'd.*

[Here is no manner of sense?] which he proves thus.

[Nothing appears but to fight.] why may not [appear] be proper to all senses as well as [seem] which in its true derivation to seem quasi to be seen as in Latine [videri]

[*videri*] is more properly related to *fight*, yet we say such a thing seems loud, delicious, sweet, painful, &c.

[But why cool as Innocence? Virgins are far from being cooler than other women: I'm sure, they have less reason having parted with less of their heat] how wretchedly does he quibble. So have chaste women: yet chastity has been call'd cold. He might as well ask why Innocence is call'd white, when a black woman may be as innocent as a fair. With a touch expir'd. [Nothing can expire unless it breath first, does a colour breath?] what doest thou think of [time is expir'd] does time breath? oh thy intollerable tangle of impertinence.

Which chiefly I admir'd. [A fine Botch.] Sure so strange a thing as he had never seen before might be admir'd, and the Authour no Botcher.

Almah. 96. "These are the day dreams which wild Fancy yields,
"Empty as shadows are that fly o're Fields.

Why [fly o're Fields] dear heart, but to make up a Rhime? [The nonsense of touching whiteness is admirable.] Sure his touching the *Grein* he reacht had made the whiteness of it expire. Ravisht whiteness! [Is a woman the less Innocent for being Ravisht.] No but her Innocence is taken from her as well as the whiteness of *Elkanahs* Hayle, with too warme a touch. which I think, sence enough for a Simile, Its Ravisht whiteness being immediately related to the Hayle not to the Woman.

Though Shou'rs of Hail Moroccos never see,

Which he Prints, those shour's of Hail, &c. which makes it false concord in Grammar, and then tells ye.

[That it should be Morocco never saw.]

But as 'tis in the Play, I hope ['ee] is the third person in the subjunctive Mood. But the greatest part of *Elkanahs* lines which Mr. *Notes* has made bold with, have met much the same kindness, from him, as young *Bear-cubs*, they Fancy, receive from their dams. The beastly Commentatour has lickt 'em into deformity.

And all the story which the Slave did frame,
Was only to gain time to take his aim.

[He makes 'em ill Marksmen for no man could have been so long aiming at a Wren, as they were at a Man.] Here he finds fault at the conduct of the Poet. First [to make a description of twenty lines to say it Hail'd which the audience knew before is inartificial.] Then his description of Ships, is inartificial, for the audience knew before that *Cortez* and his Retinue had Landed, and that they came thither in Ships and not on Horse-back. Neither is his description of Hail inartificial though *Muly Hamet* knew it Hail'd before, for *Hametalhaz* describes it as an omen, and like *Gyomar*, as one that had never seen such a thing before. [Then *Hametalhaz* having a great many men in Ambush comes in the habit of a Priest to disguise himself from two men and a Woman.] And why not? Does he think half a dozen hirelings or half a score, which is more than either the Authour or Audience supposed *Hametalhaz* had, would openly assault too men of Courage: whereas though they might expect success, yet they could not but be certain of losing some of their own lives in the assault, when an Ambuscade might do more safely and as well. But when they are ill marksmen to be so long about it, surely

surely there was more to be done than bare taking aim. It had been said before;

*Pursue him out of Town, and in disguise
With some dissembling tale his cares surprise.
Till your confederate party has gain'd time
To lay an ambuscade and murder him :*

For what intelligence could they have of the particular way *Muly Hamet* would take, so as to lay their ambuscade before hand. So that his long discourse gave them time to draw up near him, as well as discharge at him,

*But missing of your Blood, your brave Escape
Chang'd his intended murder to a Rape.*

[*A Horse may as soon be chang'd into a Poet, as Murder into a Rape.*]

Here he's at his old fallacy: What was [*his*] viz. *Hamet* has intended murder, but his design of murder, [but he Prints it] [*chang'd the intended murder,*] and though murder cannot be chang'd into a Rape, yet one design may be chang'd to another, though not into another design.

*I should have fought till I my Princess freed,
Though I had waded through the Flood I shed.*

[*He should have freed his Mistress, though after he had shed Blood, he had waded through it, and spoil'd his Shoes and Stockings: Well said Elkanah, to make the sum of his daring to wade.*] But sure the daring lay as well in the shedding so much Blood as in the wading through it. I must confess I have heard of more Heroick daring, than either of these two.

“ *Nay more these arms shall throw my head at thine.*

Sure *Porphyrius* his throwing his head at *Maximin* after it was cut off, is something more Heroick and Poetical than *Elkanah's* Queen's crouding up Hell, &c.

*As prophane sinners are from Altars driven,
Banish'd the Temple to be Banish'd Heaven.
Horrorrs and Tortures now my Faylours be,
Who paints damnation needs but Copy me;
For if mankind the pains of Hell e're knew,
'Tis when they lose a Mistress as I do.*

[*At the same time to be banish'd and a Prisoner is a Bull* I thought the banishment related to his Person, and the Horrorrs and Tortures to the freedom of his mind: but however had they both related to the same thing, they had been tense, for Banishment is a larger kind of Imprisonment, for 'tis confining men to such or such Countries, the freedom of their native Country being taken from them. *Paints damnation.* [*Can a man paint paine, or can a man be like damnation.*] No: but a man may describe damnation which is as good, and may not unlawfully call it painting damnation, and 'tis supposed when he says [*Copy me*] he means describe me with all my miseries that attend me.

But now for the dullest objections that he has made yet. In his Observations on the

Must he say, [He thinks they never understood recitative Musick nor Masks in Morocco. Nor did Tassaleta take delight in the represented spoils

Of Cyrus, Cesar and Aeneas Toyles.

If the true Characters and customs of Moores in Morocco or Granada, or of Indians in Mexico were to be exactly represented in Plays on those Subjects I fear Mr. Dryden has been as great a Transgressor as hee'd make you believe Elkanah is. To follow truth exactly in the representations of foreign stories, would be as Ridiculous as to imitate their habits exactly. How ill and foolish would the dressing a Roman with naked Arms and Legs, be, or making a Solymon or an Almanzor, and Almahide, fit Crost Leg'd like Taylors: or dressing Moores in Bootes and Moorish Women in trouses. Nay there ought to be the same care in representing Characters as dresses. How senselessly and inartificially has he made a long and idle description of Almanzors Gallantry, by his encountering a Bull, which though we all know is in use and in esteem at Granada, how little and impertinent does the narrative of it appear here. All Heroick actions of Virtue or Gallantry on the Stage, being raised and valued by the rules of the place and Age they are presented in, not by the sense of the Age or place when and where they were first perform'd.

*I've been an actor in such Comick sport,
When in my Father Tassaleta's Court.
He took delight i'th' represented spoils
Of Cyrus, Cesar and Aeneas Toyles.*

[*Observe what she calls Comick. Cyrus, Cesar, and Aeneas Toyles.*]

Would'st thou have had her call'd them Tragick or Pastoral?

[*The Queen Mother persuades Morena to go in Masquerade, which Morena thinks a very valiant thing, saying.*]

*— I dare do any thing, to show
T' a Throne I change of Place, nor Passions owe.*

[*A generous brave thing to go in Masquerade.*]

If thou canst make out that what ever a man dares do must be very valiant, Generous, and brave, the ten sheets of nonsense thou hadst the confidence to write are much to thy advantage, and have paid a very great compliment on thee.

Traytours rarely look like what they are.

[*Can the looks of Traytours be like Treason? indeed as like as any of his Similitudes.*] But not so like as some of Commentatours: For Eays has a very pretty poetical way of invention: when he has occasion for a simile, not contented with such common things as are in sense or nature; such as the dull scriblers, who, as he says, we're reach an Excellence, take allusions from, he forms more Airy notions, and so makes his Flights more sublime. As page 23. Abdalla of Lyndaraxa.

*" Her tears, her smiles, her every look's a sea,
" Her voice is like a Syrens of the Land,
" And bloody hearts lye panting in her band.*

*A Syrens of the Land! That is a Land-Mermaid: A pretty fancied creature, a
Land*

Land Sea-monster: I have heard of a whole Book in this style; such another kind of Volume as *Tom Thumb*, that would have done him a courtesie in this nature being richly furnish'd with many such fancies and excellencies, as a *She-waterman*, an *Iron Parrotree*, a *Wind-watermil* and the like. And though *Bays* has a perfection above others in that *Mercurial* art of *filibing*; yet I hope my instructions, though to a man so well vers'd already, may not be wholly disacceptable. Besides, *her* look's a net; is so old a Phrase, so stale an allusion that it has been in twenty third-Form School-Boys Exercises.

But perhaps the Reader, what ever his other Thefts are, will conclude his similitudes his own by their marks: Yet to convince you, there is not the least thing he will not steal, his *Almanzor* says p. 69.

"You dash like Water back, when thrown against the Wind.

The Host in the Villain. Slander returns back into the slanderers face, as a man that pisseth against the Wind. But such Petty Larceny is not worth an Arraignment, nor would his Brethren envy at his stoln Treasures — *Omnia si se*

Dixisset. —

*Poyson'd! How was this Murder hid till now,
And by what Arts was it disclosed by you.*

Enter Queen Mother.

[Here she enters abruptly, and answers to what she did not hear.]

*That were too long to tell, th'unhappy Son,
This Night too must the Fathers Fortune run.*

O, then the unkind Printer has mistaken her Entrance, which should have been two Lines sooner, which in the Acting I am sure is not mistake. [And within three Lines she contradicts her self, saying to him,]

I'll save your Life, your Empress, and your Throne.

O does she contradict her self, so let her; but where's the fault to say, Sir you will be kill'd to night. How kill'd? yes, unless you take my Counsel, which if you'll follow, I'll save your life, &c. Which are almost the very words in the Play.

On this Foundation I've this Structure laid.

[To lay a house upon a Foundation is not English.] Therefore to lay a structure on a Foundation must not be English. Though all Houses be structures, yet I hope all structures are not Houses: one stone laid upon another is a structure.

*Knowing how ill your kindness bee'l require,
If he should find you Author of my flight.*

[He will if he should in false English, &c.]

"A very great oversight [hee'l require] for [hee'd require] he might as well have accus'd the Poet for letting.

My fair Eurdice, my fair Eurdice, instead of Euridice. Pag. 47. escape or at least go Unmentioned in his Errata, for 'tis a bawny oversight, viz. a literal fault.

“Leave that to Providence: but grant he should —
He would not sure attempt a Woman's Blood.
At least when he considers how 'twas don:
A Mothers Picty to save a Son.

[Excellent Grammar. When he considers how 'twas done, to find me Authour of your flight, a Mothers Picty to save a Son. How 'twas done, a Mothers Picty.]

But Præthee let us know why [To find me Authour of your flight] got in between the other two lines. Why? to make the Grammar a little more excellent. Thanks kind Commentatour. But then wherein lyes the great fault in the two last lines of the Speech. Where is thy excellent Grammar in Granada, Pag. 3.

“But what the stranger did was more than man.

If he puts [man] for [humane] 'tis a very bold Drydenism; but if he means what the stranger did was more than man could do. Then where is the fault to say.

When he considers how 'twas don:
A Mothers Picty to save a Son did it.

If this Liberty be prohibited, how many excellent Grammars will I find in Granada.

“Must I then kill Benzaida, or must loose, Gran. pag. 117.

“'Tis better once to die then still to fear. pag. 81.

“And though I cannot break 'em I'll divide. pag. 108.

“My mind shall teach my body how to bear. Ibid.

Loose what? and bear what? fear what? and divide what? where are the Accusative cases to [loose] and [bear] [fear] and [divide] which are all Active Verbs.

I'll lead you where you may all eyes escape,
And privately put on this borrow'd shape.

[What need he put on a borrow'd shape after he had escaped all eyes] Was ever such an Impertinent question ask'd? Though the King could escape all eyes for so much time as to put on a disguise, sure it does not follow that a disguise must be unnecessary, or that his escaping all eyes for a quarter of an hour must infer he could lye conceal'd a whole night.

It bil't with the noyse of Drums, and Trumpets sound —

[Tautology, noyse and sound, viz. Noyse and noyse.] If [Noyse] without [sound] will make it sense, noyse of Trumpets is a pretty term of Art of Mr. Commentatours.

Inhumane

Inhumane Monster! such a bloody fact
No mortal sure can think, much less dares act.

[to think a fact is nonsense, any one but Mr. Settle thinks thoughts not facts. I suppose if he has any meaning 'tis think on such a fact.]

Any one but Mr. Commentator, I take it, can make facts the object of his thoughts, and to them that think 'em facts are thoughts. But why think on a fact? why may not [think] govern an Accusative case. If thy little head-piece can make this line in Mustapha nonsense,

When they dare act what Monarchs scorne to think, thou shalt have my vote for the
Chaire at next Sessions of Apollo.

In your defence act your own Champions part,
With your drawn Dagger stab him to the Heart.

[To stab him to the heart in her defence, was not to act her own Champions part, but to be her own Champion. But Laula subtly advises it be done with a drawn dagger. Morena else might have been such a fool as to have stab'd at him with a sheath'd Dagger.]
Oh thou subtle Worm.

Granada pag. 4.

“ Shund and receiv'd him on his pointed Spear.”

Subtly contrived too, if Almanzors Spear had not been pointed how could it have received the Bull upon it.

—— To take
This brave resolve for your fair Vertues sake;

[Resolve for resolution. The Verb is never used Substantively by any but affected fools who understand not good English.]

In English there will be, and affected fools too as long as you and I live dear heart, take it from me.

And this Heroick act looks brave and great.

[A very Heroick brave and great thing to stab! well said Elkanah] and well Commented Bays. Sure for a Woman and one of her Quality and Character to stab a Villan, and a Ravisher, for the protection of her own Honour, and the safety of her Husbands life and Crown, is not I take it against the Laws of Heroicks.

My deeds above their reach and pow'r aspire:

[The doer may aspire but not the deeds.]

This is like our face his Treason e're its rise begin.

[Treasons rise cant begin of it self.] as Notes said before.

My Bosom holds more rage, than all Hell Fire.

[This is foolishly unnatural: none ever loved and gloried in wickedness for wickedness sake.] But to be a little positive with Mr. Notes, I am of opinion none ever

loved and gloried in wickedness but for wickedness sake: for the very satisfaction and pleasure which men take in the doing of wickedness; and for which end they commit wickedness, is wicked as well as the doing it. But if he means the Queen is foolishly unnatural, and kills for no other end but the bare pleasure of killing, he abuses her: for all the Murders, and Treasons she commits through the Play, are either for her own safety, or her favourite Crimnalhaz his advancement to the Crown.

[But now for the splendid Mask with never a word of sense in it. In which he cannot refrain from nonsense in the very direction.]

The Scene open'd is presented a Hell.

[viz. The open'd Scene is presented a Hell very good English.]

Another body would have made it English thus, *The Scene open'd, viz. The Scene being open'd a Hell is presented, [And a Hell as if there were more then one.]*

Though Mr. Commentatour (if he believes there's any) believes there's but one, yet he will allow sure that several Religions varied in their opinions of that one Hell. And 'tis not nonsense to say the Christians Hell, and the Heathens Hell, besides [a Hell] which would not have been sense spoken in the Play, refers here in the direction to the Picture of Hell. *The Scene being open'd is presented a painted Hell.*

Pluto, Proserpine, and other women Spirits, &c.

As if Pluto and Proserpine were women Spirits if the Authors words had been Proserpine, Pluto, and other women Spirits, yet then it had been sense.

[Besides 'tis nonsense to say women Spirits, as if Spirits had Sexes]. I know 'tis nonsense to say women Spirits, and I know dear heart, as thou doest, that Spirits have no Sexes. But this being in the direction is spoken in reference to the Actors that were women not the Characters they presented. For if the description only related to the persons or business in the Play; then it should not have been the [Scene open'd] but [the Tent open'd;] is presented, &c. nor should it have been [the Stage is fill'd on both sides with Crimnalhaz, &c.] for this Mask is suppos'd perform'd in a Pavilion, in a Camp. But all marginal descriptions or entrees in Plays refer indifferently to the real place or Persons, as to the represented Characters.

Orpheus. *The groans of Ghosts and sighs of Souls,
Infernal Echoes, and the Howles
Of Tortured Spirits cease:
A gentle Gust
Has all things Hush'd;
And Hell in spite of Vengeance is at Peace:
Whilst Ravish'd by my warbling Strings,
The Vultures moult their Wings;
The Furies from their Heads will shake
Each useless Snake,
The Scorpions loose their Stings,
And Hell it self forget their Tyrant Kings.*

His objection that [sighs of Souls] is nonsense, alias Poetical, souls having no lungs] and his observation [that a gentle Gust is a bull, a Gust being a sudden violent storm of Wind] (which by the way is the first time that [Gust] was ever so defined) and his quarrelling [with warbling strings, voices being the only thing, he says, that warble.] and his finding fault [with moulting of Wings as an improper Phrase, when he says

says moulting of Feathers, but not wings, is sense: moulting of wings is very new.]
 (which by the way too is not so over-new. *Annus Mirabilis Stanza 143.*

"His Navies moulted wings be imps once more.)

These idle remarks are so very silly, that letting them pass, or laughing at 'em is the best answering of them. Give our Commentator but Rope, and he hangs himself. The Proverb is something musty, but no matter.

But then for a more murdering observation.

[*Hell forgets its Tyrant Kings*] would be true Grammar though not very good sense. [*Hell forgets their Kings,*] is such false Grammar, that the lowest Boy in Westminster School would be ashamed to write. ['Tis well thou art past a School Boy, and so past all shame, or else thou hadst never had the impudence to expose such a line as *Hell forgets its Tyrant Kings,*] for Grammar. If thou meanest Hell for the place of Torments 'tis palpable nonsense to suppose a place or pain can forget or Remember. But if thou designest it for sense, and takest it that way the Authour meant it, that is for the Inhabitants of Hell (which is the only way he could intend it for, by the foregoing discourse of *Futures Scorpions* and *Furies* which are supposed to be part of them, and in which sense 'tis very often used, as

Electere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo.

[*Acheronta*] for [*Inferos*]) certainly thou art the most mistaken in Grammar of any man of thy *Tears*, and *great parts* (if such thou hast, that is, if all thou sayst be true) that e're I met with. [*Its*] for a *Pronoun* to a *Noun* of *Multitude* is excellent. Pray which is the truest Grammar to say. *Troy* held out ten years against *its* enemies the *Gracians*, or against *Their* enemies the *Gracians*. But one thing I should not omit, he takes no notice of the three lines before this.

*viz. The Furies from their Heads will shake
 Each useless Snake;
 The Scorpions loose their stings;
 And Hell is self forget, &c.*

And so makes it false concord in Grammar, [*Hell will forget*] is Grammar, though [*Hell forget*] is not. For [*will*] is not only the sign of the Future tense before [*shake*] in the first line, but before [*loose*] and [*forget*] in the two last.

*Whence Mortal does thy Courage grow,
 To dare to take a walk so low. Says Pluto.*

To which *Orpheus* answers.

*To tell thee God thou art a Ravisher,
 No Tears nor Prayer,
 Your unresisted Will controuls;
 Who commits Force on Virtue, Rapes on Souls.*

[*Pluto asks, whence does thy Courage grow? Orpheus answers, from to tell thee God thou art a Ravisher.*] If *Pluto* had ended there, it had been something: But per

put in to dare to take a walk so low; and then examine the connexion? [*Esides Orpheus came a great Journey to tell Pluto very great news: viz. that he was a Ravisher, as if he did not know that before.*] What if he did know it before, is Orpheus his upbraiding him of what he had done nonsense? Or is all Discourse but telling news nonsense? Then the Poet says *Pluto's unresisted will cannot be controuled*, and *Notes* asks him. [*How can a thing be controuled that is never resisted?*] Aye! How indeed? But sure [*unresisted*] has the same signification with [*irresistible*] what [*cannot be resisted*, not what *is not resisted*. But then this blundering Grammarian; says, [*your unresisted will who commit, &c.*] will [*being the proximum antecedens*] to [*who*] makes it, false English, [*who*] for [*which*] and [*commit*] for [*commits*.] If it be [*which commits*,] and so true Grammar 'tis nonsense: For Pluto's will does not commit Rapes, it only inclines him to commit rapes on Souls.] Well, Grammar and Philosophy are things that buz much in Commentatours head, especially in this fourth Act; but by the insipid rate he talks of them, I durst lay an even wager that such another as *Frippie* in *Epsome wells*, with his *Laws of the Maids and Parsons*, and his *castigo te non quod odio habem sed quod amem*; shall baffle him in both: By the damnable stumbles *Mr. Notes* makes in them, he is quite different from *Arcine* in his Preface, who rayld not against God because he did not know him, for he on the contrary abuses poor Grammar and Philosophy, for no other reason but because he never understood them. Let him alter it thus and see his mistake. *The will of you who commit*, and then let him examine the propriety of the English; Is not [*your will*] and [*the will of you*] the same thing?

*Dares a weak Animal of Mortal Race,
Affront a God i' bis Face;
And of a Crime impeach a Deity?*

[*An Animal of Mortal race is very elegant, as much as to say, an Animal of Animal race, or a Mortal of Mortal race: there being no animal but what is mortal.*] I Believe the School-boy *Elkanah*, when he wrote this, had learning enough too as well as *Pays* to tell him that an animal was of mortal race, and yet for all that he has a little of *Bays* his confidence too, to believe this Line more elegant, than our *Ironick* friend is pleased to think it. For had he said *dares a weak animal affront and impeach a God*, 'twould have been as dull and flat (if possible) as a Scene in the *Polish Princess*, or the *Five Acts of Charles the Eighth*.

[*The other Line is Burlesque.*]

Thy Treach has damn'd thee, thou shalt dye.

[*First he is damn'd, and afterwards he shall dye: Here is Breath agen, which is every thing, and does every thing with Elkanah; nay, breath that makes others live, shall make Orpheus dye.*]

If a man should tell me that any Creature living had patience to read thy Pamphlet out at once sitting, I should swear the story of the Famous *Griquel* were nothing to him. Nay he deserves to be Canonized as much as she; and to make his Memory live like hers in such another *Pindarick*, as

*Full fifteen Winters she lived still contented,
No wrong she thought upon, &c.*

I know a friend of mine, that if he would be so kind and strain hard, might do this may the same favour, and in the same style Rhime him into immortality.

But

But how prettily soever this Objection is worded, as [*first be is damn'd, and afterwards dyes.*] First let me ask him if Mens sins do not damn them; and then when sins are committed before men dye, or after death? I wonder where's the nonsense to say such a mans ambition, or such a mans blasphemy damn'd him; and wherein is Pluto's fault to tell Orpheus that his words had damn'd him, and he should dye. But then this over-curious Sophister has turn'd [*damn'd*] into a *Passive Verb*, [*he is damn'd,*] which relates to the suffering of damnation: For to say a man *is* damn'd, implies *he is dead*, and *his soul in Hell*, and thereon he builds his seeming argument; but to say in the Active sense *such a sin damns a man*, implies (as the word is used,) that damnation will certainly follow as a reward of that sin after his death: But his pittiful snarling objection, that [*Breath which makes others live makes Orpheus dye,*] is so *Phlegmatick* a thought, that none but our senseless man of Gall but would be ashamed of.

*Unloose your twisted Crests of Snakes:
Into his Breast those swift Tormentors fling;
And his tortur'd Entrails Sting.*

[*Twisted Crests of Snakes* (viz. upon the Furies heads) I take to be nonsense and unjust.] Ay prethee do, take it so and welcome: Thou hast such a pretty way of taking things, that 'tis pitty to baulk thee: I dare swear for Elkanah, that he would not be unwilling that thou shouldst take all the Plays he has or shall write, provided thou wouldst use them so harmlesly as thou hast done this. [*But, why swift Snakes?* Snakes (as he takes it agen) are far from being swift Creatures.] Well, if the Snakes on the Furies heads as the Poets feign'd, were the tormentours the Furies used to fling into the Bosomes of men, and our Commentatour will take Furies and their instruments of vengeance to be *slow creeping things*, how can we help it. But I shrewdly guess, what some people would say of such an expression, as a *slow Snake flung from a Furies head*.

*Oh Sir, his fatal Doom recal,
Dispel your furious anger;
Let not such noble worth your Victim fall:
Be kind both to a Lover and a Stranger.*

[Here Proserpine calls a God, Sir: 'Tis a very new Title for a God; she might as well have said, your worship.] I think not quite so well: I'm afraid a certain new-made Rhimer would take it very heinously, if I should tell him that his *Amphitrite*. My Lord Great Neptune, &c. might have been as well *Your Lordship Great Neptune*. [*Then how can worth fall a Victim; a worthy man may, but worth cannot.*] How often [*Worth*] [*Virtue*] [*Innocence*] and the like, are used for [*Worthy*] [*Virtuous*] and [*Innocent people*] need not be askt: I wonder how [*wrong'd Virtue,*] and [*injur'd innocence*] scaped him in the Examination of the Third Act.

*I have a Mistress in your Sphear,
Forc'd from my Arms
By Deaths Alarm's:
My Martyr'd Saint brings me a Pilgrim here,*

[*The Sphear of Hell is Nonsense.*]

In the last Act.

*I'll travel then to some remoter Sphear,
Till I find out new Worlds, and Crown you there.*

[*I believe our learn'd Author takes a Sphear for a Country : The Sphear of Morocco, as if Morocco were the Globe of Earth and Water ; but a Globe is no Sphear neither by his leave, &c.*] Commentatour is as cruel here to [Sphear] as he was to [infect] in the First Act, which he would allow to have relation to nothing but a disease : So [Sphear] here must not be sense, unless it relate to a circular motion about a Globe, in which sense the Astronomers use it : I would desire him to expound these Lines in Granada. page 29.

Lyndar. *"I'll to the Turrets of the Palace go,
" And add new fire to those that fight below.
" Thence Hero-like with Torches by my side
" (Far be the Omen though) my Love I'll guide.
" No, like his better Fortune I'll appear,
" With open arms, loose Vail, and flowing Hair,
" Just flying forward from my rowling Sphear..*

I wonder if he be so strict, how he dares make so bold with [Sphear] himself and be so Critical in other mens writings. Fortune is fancied standing on a Globe not on a Sphear, as he told us in the first Act.

But then he says, [*Nothing is forced by Alarm's, an Alarme being but a preparation to force.*] If our Nice Critick, Mr. Bays will have an Alarme (viz. before a Battle) to be but a preparation for force, I doubt he mistakes it, for if he were in an Army, (pardon the supposition, for what should he do there?) I much suspect that an Alarme would be a thing of more force with him, then an ordinary man.

Ob take me down to her, or send her back to me.

[*Here Orphous speaks as if he were upon the Stage, and not in Hell : Would he have himself taken down from Hell to Hell, or her brought back from Hell to Hell.*] Surely there's a great difference between his being down in Hell, and his being taken down to Hell.

Take me down to her, or send her back to me.

Signifies, *entertain me down with her*, or if I cannot be entertain'd here, *send her back to me when I am gone from hence.* For if a man should come into anothers company, he may not improperly say, *Sir pray take me into your company*, though he be in it before he says so. Besides Orpheus was in Plutoes Pallace, and sure 'twas not ill in him, to suppose the feat of his Euridice in Hell to be somewhat inferiour to the Throne of the God of Hell. And so [*take me down*] is more proper than *Notes* is pleased to judge it.

*But with thee thy fair Treasure take,
Relcast by Love from that eternal chain,
Which destin'd Kings and Conquerours cannot break;*

[*Relcas'd from an eternal Chain is a Bull. If her chain had been eternal, she could never*

never have broken it.] But certainly thy weak head-piece cannot mean this for an argument : For the Poet says the Chain was Eternal to Kings and Conquerours not to her : And when he says she was releast from that Eternal Chain which Kings and Conquerours can never break, he makes no Bull at all, for her Chain, viz. of Death and Hell was the same with theirs, only she wore hers but for a time, and they were doom'd to wear theirs for ever.

To th'wondring World be in soft Aires may tell,
Mercy as well as Justice rules in Hell.

[How shall the world bear soft tunes. They had need be loud ones one would think]
To tell the World then is to tell all the World and all the World at once. This observation is so wonderful witty, that none but this Arch wag could have hit on't.

No law there nor here, no God so severe,
But love can Repeal, and Beauty can tame.

[He repeals a God] No Saturnine friend: Let it be [repeal a] Law and [tame a God.]

[The Emperor being stab'd by Morena, says the Queen Mother.]

My Son kill'd by her hand !

Crim. Call my Physicians. Bid my Guards appear.

The Emperor Stab'd, the Queen his Murderer !

[Says Crimalhaz since he is kill'd, since as he says the Emperor stab'd, the Queen his Murderer. Call my Physicians, a Physician is very useful to a dead man] Why since he is kill'd ?

Though as thou sayst, Crimalhaz had said [kill'd] which he does not, yet sure to say a man is kill'd, does not absolutely imply he is dead as soon as ever the wound is given that kills him : nor is it unmannerly or impertinent to call his Physicians to the assistance of a wounded King, though in all probability he might not live a quarter of an hour, nor could their assistance defer his death. It had been very pretty to have said the King is stab'd, let us see if he will bleed to death, if he does not, I'll send for Surgeons that shall cure him.

But though your hand, has your adorer kill'd.
'T has reacht his heart, but not the Love is held.
Your Image cannot from my Soul retire ;
My Lov's immortal though my life expire.

[How could a hand touch Love, or a dagger stab Love.] How could any fellow but Noset ask such a question ? though a hand cannot touch Love, nor a Dagger stab Love, as thou callst it, yet sure 'twas not ungenerous in the King to tell her, that hand that kill'd him could not destroy his Love to her that gave him his death, which very probably it might have don.

Moren. Good, Gentle, Kind, give me the Dagger back ;
For mine—for his—for Heav'n—and Justice sake.
Cannot my Tears nor Prayers your heart o'recome ?
If my requests appear too burdensome,

*Grant but this one—that pointed Steel restore;
And I'll not live to ask you any more.*

[*That is give me the Dagger back, or if my request appear (for appears) too burdensome give me the Dagger*] If thou wouldst have took the pains to have look'd into the Printed Errata at the end of the Play, thou mightst have found page 50 line 6 for request read requests. But this act has so many willful oversights, that 'tis intolerable.

*Oh cruel Queen, what has your fury done,
That made you lose a Husband, me a Son;
This Realm a King, the World a Virtue, grown
Too fit for Heav'n, but not to go so soon?*

[*The Question is an answer to it self, she asks what her fury had done, that made her lose a Husband, &c. Why it answers to it self, it made one lose a Husband, the other a Son.*] Sure her fury had done something more then all this. If the King had died in his bed, one would have lost a Husband, and the other a Son, And Morocco a King, &c. But certainly it might be supposed his Murder might be the occasion of more Calamities then his natural death would have been. They might expect a Vengeance that would attend his Murder, besides the concern and sorrow of a Nation for so fatal a blow, which her fury was Author of. But this unmerciful fellow keeps up his old little thoughts of Kings. Such a word as [*Lead on*] shall rob 'em of all authority, and make Cyphers of them whilst they live, and when they are dead, dye which way soever, like Cats and Dogs, there is an end of them.

[*Too fit for Heav'n is a bull, nothing can be too fit for the end it is design'd for, much less for Heav'n.*] But relatively a thing may be very properly so call'd. Her saying he was too fit for Heaven but not to go so soon, Implied as much as if she had said he was so good and so Virtuous that he was too fit for Heaven, that is; in so much he was so Virtuous mankind did not deserve him: but not fit to go so soon, considering what loss mankind would have of him, by his going thither too soon.

*Was it not you that arm'd me to this guilt,
Told me I should a Ravishers blood have spilt?*

[*I should have spilt before she did it, is nonsense: it must be, I should spill.*] But now she had don, to say she should have done otherwise may be sense. Had it been [*I should spill*] it had scarce been so. His telling her, and the deed being both past, 'tis more properly said of her [*I should have spilt.*] For 'tis a praterperfect in relation to [*now she speaks it*] not [*when it was told her first.*] For if she be so strict as to examine in what tense her spilling a Ravishers blood was first spoke to her, 'twas neither [*I should spill*] nor [*I should have spilt.*] For when the Queen Mother set her a work 'tis likely she said Madam do as I tell ye and you shall spill a Ravishers blood. But such pittiful observations raise more words then they are worth.

But madness always ushers in great Sins.

[*Madness takes away all sin. Mad men cannot sin.*]

These

These are two of *Commentators* sentences, and the application of 'em is excellent. Because a fellow that is *Lunatick*, or a *Man* that's absolutely devested of Reason and understanding commits no sin, Therefore, *Madness* cannot be accused of sin. I hope he designs this excuse for writing his Pamphlet, that he was *Frantick* when he writ it, for indeed he that reads it would guess as much, and his sentence too holds Good here. For *Elkanah* I dare swear for him thinks his Pamphlet so far from a sin or an offence, that nothing could please him better. But I wonder at Mr. *Commentators* raving of madness, how cruel our English Law is that bangs a *Man* when he's sober for a crime committed when he was drunk, whereas if the man had had his right senses and not a tangle of frenzy occasion'd by his Wine, 'tis likely he had not committed it. And if so he sin not in the committing it, why is he punished.

She mov'd—star'd—walk'd—sturm'd—rag'd—curst—rav'd and dam'd.

[*She mov'd and walk'd*, as if any body could walk without moving.] But sure one may move without walking.

The Author has Printed it [*she mov'd star'd walk'd*] not [*she walk'd star'd mov'd*,] and 'tis imagin'd that people may move before they walk. [*sturm'd rag'd raved that is raged, raged, raged.*] Well now I do not wonder at Mr. *Commentators* blunders in Grammar, by his ignorance in English. For 'tis a received opinion that the rules a man makes of what he does not understand may very possibly be faulty. If his great education and greater conversation has taught him no distinction between *storming*, *rauing* and *raging*, certainly two great blessings have been thrown away upon him.

This is no news to that which she has done;

[*Done news*] Why done news: Was ever such a construction made. *That which she had done* might be *News*, without making [*News*] the Accusative case to [*don.*]

Her face discolour'd grew to a deep red,

[*That is*, either her red face grew red, or her tanny or black and blew face.] Any colour but the right will serve thy turn. Nothing but sense comes amiss to thee.

*Th'n with an infant Rage, more soft, and mild,
She playd with madness, leap'd, sung, danc'd and smild.*

[*She plaid, leap'd, sung, danc'd, and smild*: these are pretty effects of rage. But 'tis an infant rage. Little or moderate rage, that is, moderate excess is a bull.] But sure a less or more moderate rage spoken in comparison to a greater that was mention'd before, is no bull.

*Observe how idly her wild fancies walk,
But she who acts so ill, as ill may talk.
Who'd think a thing so young, so soft, and fair,
Could be so kind a Husbands Murderer?
But see when Heaven commands its gifts away,
The Wits and senses lost, the Soul may stray.*

[The Poet thinks his own fancy flies, but his Queens but walks.] What ever the Poets may do, flye or walk, I'm certain the Commentators fancy does but creep, and so humbly too, that Placidius's maggots and that may go together; one for the bulk of Love, and the other for the bulk of sense. But then

The Wits and senses lost, the Soul may stray.

[That is, when the Wits and senses are gone, 'tis possible to be mad.] Never was man so unlucky at sentences as Elkanah.] Never was man so lucky at 'em as Bays. Thy wits and senses gon, 'tis certain thou art little less then mad. But thine is such an innocent madness such an insane rage, as Elkanah has it, thanks to thy Saturnine humour, as thou callst it, for why tamer qualification, that thy Dogs days are not so hot as otherwise might have been expected.

*Is't not enough that my dear Lord I slew,
But must be actor, and designer too.*

[It should be [I must], I being as necessary as any word in the verse.] I wonder thou didst not tell us that, [she mov'd, star'd, &c.] should have been, [she mov'd, she star'd, she walk'd, she storm'd, she rag'd, she curst, she rav'd.] [She] being as necessary there as [I must] here, after [I slew] in the line before.

*Morena's hand shall wash the stain she wears;
As Condemn'd men turn Executioners.*

[Morena must execute her self, as condemn'd men execute others, and she must wash the stain off her self, as condemn men wash the stain off themselves by being Hang-men.] In the first place Mr. Bays do not deal so unnaturally and ungentleman like, to treat so honourable a man as a Hang-man so rudely: consider, dear heart, consider, a Hang-man is a Squire. Now wherein lyes the wondrous fault to say Morena will wash off her stain, as condemn'd men do theirs, that is, by turning Executioners. But then our canting Commentator runs on to no purpose and tells you that they execute others and she her self. But because [Elkanah's Similes are the most unlike things to what they are compared in the World.] He ventres to start a Simile in his *Annus Mirabilis*: he gives this Poetical description of the Ship call'd the London.

Stanza. 151. *"The Goodly London in her Gallant trim,
"The Phoenix Daughter of the Vanquish'd old,
"Like a rich Bride does to the Ocean swim:
"And on her shadow rides in floating Gold,*

Stanza. 152. *"Her Flag aloft spread rustling in the wind,
"And sanguine Streamers seem'd the flood to fire,
"The Weaver charm'd with what his Loom design'd,
"Goes on to Sea and knows not to retire.*

Stanza. 153. *"With Roomy Decks, her Guns of mighty strength,
"Whose low-laid mouths each mounting Billow Laves,
"Deep in her draught, and Warlike in her length,
"She seems a Sea-Wasp flying on the Waves.*

What a wonderful pudder is here, to make all these Poetical Beautifications of a Ship;

Ship; that is a *Phoenix* in the first Stanza, and but a *Wasp* in the last? Nay, to make his humble comparison of a *Wasp* more ridiculous, he does not say it flew upon the waves as nimbly as a *Wasp*, or the like, but it seem'd a *Wasp*. But our Author at the writing of this was not in his *Altitudes*, to compare Ships to floating *Pallaces* a comparison to the purpose, was a perfection he did not arrive to, till his *Indian Emperors days*: But perhaps his Similitude has more in it than we imagine. This *Ship* had a great many *Guns* in her, and they put all together, made the *sting in the Wasp's tail*; for this is all the reason I can guess why it seem'd a *Wasp*. But because we will allow him all we can to help out, let it be a *Phoenix Sea-Wasp*, and the rarity of such an *Animal* may do much towards the beighning the fancy: But to give you an instance of another excellent fancy. In his *Observations* on this *Act* d. signing to pass a *Compliment* on Mrs. Johnson that *Acted Morena*, speaking of the *Poet* and her he says, [*Her action exceeds his Poetry, as much as her Beauty and Meen does his.*] He might as well have said, *Madam, you are infinitely a more Beautiful Woman than Poet Settle.* *Hansomeness* in a man I have heard of, though *Poet* and *Commentatour* have none of it, but never of *Beauty* before; but granting it to be that compliment it was intended, to tell the world she is a *Beauty* is much like *Commentatours* *Observations* on *Orpheus* his going to *Hell* to tell *Pluto* he was a *Ravisher*; he tells us very great news, as if the world did not know it before.

But to finish in our *Commentatours* words: Thus ends the most tedious insipid dull *Comments* on an *Act* I ever read.



A C T The Fifth.

IN this *Act* our *Waspy Commentatour* has a little of the drone in him, and though God knows his *sting* before has been but feeble, yet here he seems to have lost it. For here his *Observations* are so wondrous silly, that I rather think he comments upon his own want of understanding than *Elkanahs*.
For thus he begins.

*Crim. Though on the Blood of Kings my Throne I've built,
The World my Glory sees, but not my Guilt.
Mysterious Majesty best fits a Throne.
They Vertuous seem whose Vices are unknown.
Men have ador'd and have made Offerings
To unknown Gods, why not to unknown Kings.*

[*Why Mysterious Majesty becomes a Throne better, then plain Majesty is to me a mysterious Riddle.*] *Make Offerings!* No man makes the *Sheep* and *Oxen* he *Sacrifices*! *Unknown King!* He was no *unknown King*, though he was an *Usurper*. They all saw him, knew him, and were forced to acknowledge him.] 'Tis great pity that a mysterious Riddle should come in Mr. *Drydens* way, for believe me *Gentlemen* as *Terence* says, *Davus est non Oedipus*: Hee's no *Alexander* at untying of knots, Such another

another Riddle as is Fabulously fathered upon Homer; and the Beggars that fat
 Lounging themselves, put upon the Laureat though with a promise of *eris mihi magnus A-*
pollo for answering of it, would no doubt be solved much at Homers rate. If our
 Commentatour does not understand wherein Crimalhaz his advantage lay, in not ap-
 pearing plainly the traytour he really was; certainly he has a Skull so thick, that if
 all his other parts were answerable to it, he might be as stout as Hercules. But
 then why men cannot make sacrifices and offerings is to me a mysterious Riddle. Ay
 but he infer, because men cannot make sheep and Oxen; therefore they cannot make
 sheep and Oxen sacrifices. This is a Riddle indeed, but it may be answered as the
 Boy did the Parson, when he had askt him who made these Oxen: God made 'em
 Bulls, but my Father made 'em Oxen. [But Crimalhaz was no unknown King. If
 the full knowledge of a King or an Usurper lay in the remarkableness of his Person;
 Olivers Nose was no doubt a wonderful intelligencer. Another parcel of faults he
 finds against Crimalhaz.

*I thank him for this War he has begun,
 The numbers of my Foes enhance my Crown.
 It does a worth on Kings as Beauties set,
 To have our Rivals numerous and Great.*

[Numbers of Foes most commonly pull down Crowns.] And afterwards,

*Crim. Kind Taffalet does for my presence call,
 I am invited to his Funeral.
 The little Champion with impatience waits,
 To beg a Tomb before Morocco's Gates.
 And rather than his lingering Fate delay,
 I'll with my Army take a walk that way:
 His heat of blood, and lust of Crowns shall cease;
 Last to a Calm and cool'd into a Peace.*

[He was a kind man to invite him to his Funeral; but believe it who will. I can never
 think Taffalet would come with an Army only to beg a Tomb before Morocco's
 Gates, &c. Besides Crimalhaz was very uncivil to fly upon a man that came so kind-
 ly, &c.] What a wonderful belief has Mr. Bays. these are much like the objections
 in the Third Act against

*Tortures weak Engines that can run us down,
 Or skrew us up till we are out of Tune.
 And Hell a feeble puny cramp of souls, &c.*

Because the Poet makes his Villain a Fellow that speaks scornfully of things, and
 defies every thing that opposes him as little and inconsiderable therefore he writes
 nonsense: But something more he drives at in the two last Lines, and says, [the
 Poet does as good as say I will not only murder him, but lash him and cool him into
 a Peace, a Climax much like that of showers of Arrows and of Rain.] Now how the
 Poet does as good as say so, or how he makes a Climax in his speech, all my study
 cannot search out.

I think his Lashing him into a Calm, and cooling his heat of blood, is of a piece
 with the rest: And may as well signifie he will cool his blood by letting it
 out, and calm his Ambition by cutting his Throat, as well as this Line. I'll with my
 my

my Army take a walk that way, may signify he intends to fight him. Just as this rate he finds fault with the last Lines of the Fourth Act.

Moren. Then with a gentle gale of dying sighs,
I'll breath my flying soul into the skies.
Wing'd by my Love, I will my passage steer,
Nor can I miss my way when you shine there.

And says. [His reason why he cannot miss his way is excellent and undeniable.] Nor is his observation on six lines in the latter end of the act, after Crimathaz his execution, spoken by Abdalcador much unlike.

See the reward of Treason; Death's the thing
Distinguishes the Usurper from the King.
Kings are immortal, and from life remove,
From their low'r Thrones to wear new Crowns above:
But Heav'n for him has scarce that bliss in store:
When an Usurper dies, he reigns no more.

Here the Poet describes the difference of Kings from Usurpers, by their reward after death, and Mr. Impertinent tells us [it is nonsense; for death makes all men equal] I may as well say that Mr. Drydens *Notes upon Morocco*, and Mr. Cowleys *David's* are equal (pardon the profanation for neither the Authors nor their writings are to be named, 'till the same breath) and prove it thus: they are both but paper and Ink, and therefore not different. If the Poets discourse tended to nothing but the corruption of their bodies, I am of his opinion that Death makes a King and an Usurper equal: But this worthy Gentleman keeps constant to his Notions of Kings, and as he has not only made so great a Fool of a King in his *Boabdlin*, but by his sense of them through his *Notes* made out his opinion of them in general, to be the same or worse then he has character'd there: I wonder not at all at a Tenent that has been so long cherish'd by him. [Another sentence, Kings are immortal and yet dye.] The Poet is so far from such a contradiction that he calls it only removing from Life: Yet if he had used Sir *Positives* own words, the sense had been entire; considering how the whole Speech affirms that Kings leave this Temporal Life for an immortal one. But for [a more glorious sentence, when a man dyes he reigns no more.] Certainly a King's a man, and yet the Authour had said they reign'd agen after they dye. But I grow tired, and wonder for what cause he could crowd such a Rabble of *Fingles* and *Blunders* together, unless he courted the favour to be ridiculous: which he of all mankind might have had without this trouble, though perhaps not so plentifully. But I perceive our Laureat has done writing of Plays, and though impotent yet desirous to be stumbling still, like Old sinners worn from their delight as one of his Prologues has it, he desires to be whipt to appetite. It had been much more to his purpose, if he had design'd to render the Authours Play little, to have sear'd for some such Pedantry as this.

Lyndaraxa page 17. "Two ifs scarce make one Possibility."

Zulema p. 19. "If Justice will take all and nothing give,
Justice methinks is not Distributive."

Banzayd. p. 48. "To dye or kill you is sh' Alternative,
"Rather than take your Live I will not live."

Observe how prettily our Authour chops *Logick* in *Heroick Verse*. Three such *fastian canning* words as [*Distributive*] [*Alternative*] and [*two ifs*,] No man but himself would have come within the noise of. But he's a man of *general Learning* and all comes into his *Plays*.

'Twould have done well too, if he could have met with a rant or two worth the observation: Such as.

Alman, page 156. "Move swiftly Sun and fly a Lovers pace,
"Leave Months and Weeks behind thee in thy race.

But surely the Sun whether he flies a Lovers or not a Lovers pace leaves Weeks and Months, nay Tears too behind him in his race.

Poor Robin or any other of the *Philomathematicks* would have given him satisfaction in the point.

Almanz. page 56. to Abdalla.

"If I would kill thee now, thy Fate's so low
"That I must stoop ere I can give the blow.
"But mine is fixt so far above thy Crown,
"That all thy men
"Pil'd on thy Back can never pull it down.

Now where that is *Almanzors* fate is fixt I cannot guess: But wherever 'tis I believe *Almanzor*; and think that all *Abdallas* Subjects piled upon one another might not pull down his Fate so well as without piling; besides I think *Abdalla* so wise a man, that if *Almanzor* had to do him, piling his men upon his back might do the feat, he would scarce bear such a weight for the pleasure of the exploit: But 'tis a huff, and let *Abdalla* do it if he dare.

But though your hand did of his murder miss;
Howe're his Exile has restrain'd his pow'r.

[But though, and howe're signifie both one thing.] Sir I kiss your hand; 'tis the first time I ever heard so much before. [He fixt is a Verse as Masons do Brick walls, with broken pieces in the middle,] Pardon me Sir, if I quibble with your Similitude, [But though] and [Howe're,] are not in the middle, but the beginning of the Verse.

In common Murders blood for blood may pay.
But when a Martyrd Monarch dyes, we may
His Murderers Condemne; but that's not all.
A vengeance hangs o're Nations where they fall.

[What does a vengeance hang o're Nations where Murderers of Kings are punisht.] [where they fall] to what does [they] relate? if to martyr'd Monarchs 'tis false Grammar.] If [they] may not relate to martyr'd Kings in general, the last Line being a distinct sentence from the rest, Mr. Bays has reason.

No Prologues to her Death, let it be done.

[Let what be done : Let her Death be done !]

No let her Execution be done.

Thy poyson'd Husband, and thy murder'd Son,
This injur'd Empress and Morocco's Throne
Which thy accursed hand so oft has shook,
Deserves——
A blow more fierce than Justice ever strook.

[Deserves is false Grammar for deserve.] And afterwards.

Whose Fortune and whose Sword has wonders done.

There he finds the same fault [has for have.] And in another place.

And though your hand and hers no Scepter bears.

[Bears for bear.] Here our Old Friend has met with Grammar again, but he keeps his old humour, and treats it as uncivilly as before.

A Boy that had never arrived beyond the construing *Qui mihi discipulus*, &c. Would tell him that the Verb after more Nominative Cases than one may agree with them all, or only with the last at pleasure. What does he think of this expression in Ovid,

*Quum mare quum Tellus, correptaque Regia Cæli
Ardeat.*——

[But how does her poyson'd Husband deserve a blow, and why does her murder'd Son deserve another ?] I can tell him how the Poysoning of her Husband, and the Murdering of her Son deserves one : But if the Poet has taken too much Liberty in the expressing of it, he begs his pardon. But this way of speaking is very common, as we say, I'll revenge his blood. There [his blood] is taken for [the shedding of his blood.]

“ I will not bear one word but Almahide.”

Is not the name of *Almahide* here meant for [a discourse upon Almahide] as had been said before.

—— Stop her poyson'd Breath,
And check her growing outrage by her death.

[To check a man by death is a very civil reprehension ; he'll stop her poyson'd Breath with a Hatchet.] A Bowstring would do as well.

Guilt only thus to guilty Minds appears :
As Syrens do to drowning Mariners.
Seen only by their Eyes whose Deaths are nigh.
We rarely see our Crimes before we dye.

[Here he makes a false Allusion. For Syrens appear not like Porpoises before a Storm,

storm, or in it; but if you believe Homer in a Calm, enticing Mariners to the Rocks by their songs, who may escape 'em as Ulysses did.]

I hope Bays holds up to his complaint in the third act that to write too much would put the cramp in his fingers. For I much suspect the Cramp or Gout or something got into them by that time they came to examine the fifth act, for never did fingers put Pen to Paper so fumblingly, nor make such wretched blurs as this superannuated scriblers have don. First he says [*'tis no true allusion because Syrens appear not before or in storms like porpoises, but in calms.*] Therefore (as he reasons,) they do not appear to drowning Mariners, for no man (he implies,) can be drown'd but in a storm. Why look ye, Gentlemen, was ever more solid reason given, could an Oracle have spoken better? If this do not satisfy ye, the Devil's in ye. But *man of learning*, recollect thy memory for once, and take the Poetical description of Syrens.

The Syrens were suppos'd to be Daughters of Achelous and Calliope creatures half fish, and half flesh, who by their charming voices so enticed Mariners as to make 'em leap over-board, who allured by their songs and their Beauties, pursued them till they were drown'd, which don the Syrens drag'd 'em to the Rocks and devour'd them. But because Ulysses miraculously escaped them; therefore says J. D. Syrens never appear to drowning Mariners. I must confess this allusion is faulty, and why because 'tis quite contrary to Mr. Drydens. And to reform it to his sense it should be thus.

*Guilt only thus to guilty minds appears :
As Syrens of the Land to drowning Waggoners :*

viz. Land Mariners in his stylo novo-

Well Reader, though our Commentator has not performed his promise, I'll treat you with a parcel of Allusions, as delicate as you could wish. In the *Royal Martyr*.

*" Such fatal bounty once the Gauls did show,
" They threw their Rings, but threw their Targets too.*

Now according to our School-boy *Elkanah's* reading it was the *Sabines* that threw their Rings and their Targets.

But *Gauls* and *Sabines*, all's one in an Allusion.
Celation in the maiden Queen.

There's another puff in my Voyage has blown me as far as to the North of Scotland. A pretty puff from Sicily, where his Scene lyes. I am afraid our Author's fancy Rambled home to England for that expression.

Granada page 38. Abenamar.

*" The people like a headlong torrent go,
" And every damm they break or overflow.
" But unoppos'd they either loose their force,
" Or wind in Volumes to their former course.*

A very pretty Allusion, contrary to all sense or Reason. Torrents I take it, let 'em wind never so much, can never return to their former course, unless he can suppose that fountains can go upwards, which is impossible: nay more in the foregoing page he tells us so too. A trick of a very unfaithful memory.

" But

"But can no more then fountains upwards flow. pag. 37.

Which of a *Torrent* which signifies a *Rapid stream* is much more impossible. Besides if he goes to quibble and say that 'tis possible by *Art* water may be made returne, and the same water run *twice* in one and the same *Channel*: Then he quite confutes what he says, for 'tis by being *opposed* that it runs into its former course, for all *Engines* that make water so return, do it by *compulsion* and *opposition*. Or if he means a *headlong torrent* for a tide which would be ridiculous, Yet Tides do not *wind in Volumnes*, but come *directly back* (if their current lyes straight) to their former course, and that by *opposition* of the Sea water that drives 'em back agen.

In his *Annus Mirabilis* he says of the Fire of London.

Stanza 217.

"In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,
"Those seeds of fire, their fatal birth disclose.
"And first, few scattering sparks about were blown,
"Big with the flames that to our ruine rose.

A spark of fire big with a flame, is such damn'd nonsense that 'tis unsufferable. But his blundering mistake lies in applying an allusion to the seed that generates what is proper onely of the *Womb* that produces. I am of opinion that a spark of fire that lights but a farthing Candle is as big with flame (as our Authors words it,) as a spark of that fire which burnt London. I expect to hear him talk of *Acorns big with Oakes*, and *kernals of Apples big with trees*. 'Tis much of a peice with sparks of fire big with flames.

But to lard his *gross oversights* with some more pardonable mistakes. In *Granada* page second he speaks of one of his *Champion Bulls*.

"Who with high Nostrils snuffing up the wind.

Now if the Bull held his *Nostrils upwards*, he did not snuff up, but snuff down the wind.

Abd. pag. 57. "I'll to the Spanish King; and say if he,
"To count'nance his own right will succour me,
"There is more faith in Christian Dogs then thee.

What a damn'd rude and rascally expression has he put into the mouth of a prince, a man of courage, and one that through the Play aims at a *Crown* himself. To make him call a *King*, because he is not of his Faith, *Dog*; and yet at the same time *Fly to his protection*.

Almanz. Speaking of *Reabelin* pag. 101.

"He like a Devil among the blest above,
"Can take no pleasure in your Heav'n of love.

What a pretty fancied allusion I here. A *Devil in Heav'n*. But granting we could suppose such a Creature there, which by the way must destroy that opinion

form, or in it; but if you believe Homer in a Calm, enticing Mariners to the Rocks by their songs, who may escape 'em as Ulysses did.]

I hope Bays holds up to his complaint in the third act that to write too much would put the cramp in his fingers. For I much suspect the Cramp or Gout or something got into them by that time they came to examine the fifth act, for never did fingers put Pen to Paper so fumblingly, nor make such wretched blurs as this superannuated scriblers have d'n. First he says [*'tis no true allusion because Syrens appear not before or in storms like porpoises, but in calms.*] Therefore (as he reasons,) they do not appear to drowning Mariners, for no man (he implies,) can be drown'd but in a storm. Why look ye, Gentlemen, was ever more solid reason given, could an Oracle have spoken better? If this do not satisfy ye, the Devil's in ye. But *man of learning*, recollect thy memory for once, and take the Poetical description of Syrens.

The Syrens were suppos'd to be Daughters of Achelous and Calliope creatures half fish, and half flesh, who by their charming voices so enticed Mariners as to make 'em leap over-board, who allur'd by their songs and their Beauties, pursued them till they were drown'd, which don the Syrens drag'd 'em to the Rocks and devour'd them. But because Ulysses Miraculously escaped them; therefore says J. D. Syrens never appear to drowning Mariners. I must confess this allusion is faulty, and why because 'tis quite contrary to Mr. Drydens. And to reform it to his sense it should be thus,

*Guilt only thus to guilty minds appears :
As Syrens of the Land to drowning Waggoners :*

viz. Land Mariners in his stylo novo-

Well Reader, though our Commentator has not performed his promise, I'll treat you with a parcel of Allusions, as delicate as you could wish. In the Royal Martyr.

*" Such fatal bounty once the Gauls did shew,
" They threw their Rings, but threw their Targets too.*

Now according to our School-boy Elkanah's reading it was the Sabines that threw their Rings and their Targets.

But Gauls and Sabines, all's one in an Allusion.

Celidon in the maiden Queen.

There's another puff in my Voyage has blown me as far as to the North of Scotland. A pretty puff from Sicily, where his Scene lyes. I am afraid our Author's fancy Rambled home to England for that expression.

Granada page 38. Abenamar.

*" The people like a headlong torrent go,
" And every damm they break or overflow.
" But unoppos'd they either loose their force,
" Or wind in Volumes to their former course.*

A very pretty Allusion, contrary to all sense or Reason. Torrents I take it, lee 'em wind never so much, can never return to their former course, unless he can suppose that fountains can go upwards, which is impossible: nay more in the foregoing page he tells us so too. A trick of a very unfaithful memory.

" But

But can no more then fountains upwards flow. pag. 37.

Which of a *Torrent* which signifies a *Rapid stream* is much more impossible. Besides if he goes to quibble and lay that 'tis possible by *Art* water may be made returne, and the same water run twice in one and the same *Channel*: Then he quite confutes what he says, for 'tis by being *opposed* that it runs into its former course, for all *Engines* that make water so return, do it by *compulsion* and *opposition*. Or if he means a *headlong torrent* for a tide which would be ridiculous, Yet Tides do not *wind in Volumes*, but come *directly back* (if their current lyes straight) to their former course, and that by *opposition* of the Sea water that drives 'em back agen.

In his *Annus Mirabilis* he says of the *Fire of London*.

Stanza 217.

"In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,
"Those seeds of fire, their fatal birth disclose.
"And first, few scattering sparks about were blown,
"Big with the flames that to our ruine rose.

A *spark of fire big with a flame*, is such damn'd nonsense that 'tis unsufferable. But his blundering mistake lies in applying an allusion to the seed that generates what is proper onely of the *Womb* that produces. I am of opinion that a *spark of fire* that lights but a *farthing Candle* is as *big with flame* (as our Authors words it.) as a *spark* of that fire which burns *London*. I expect to hear him talk of *Acorns big with Oakes*, and *kernals of Apples big with trees*. 'Tis much of a peice with *sparks of fire big with flames*.

But to lard his *gross oversights* with some more pardonable mistakes. In *Granada* page second he speaks of one of his *Champion Bulls*.

"Who with high Nostrils snuffing up the wind.

Now if the *Bull* held his *Nostrils upwards*, he did not *snuff up*, but *snuff down* the wind.

Abd. pag. 57. "I'll to the Spanish King; and vry if he,
"To count'nance his own right will succour me,
"There is more faith in Christian Dogs then thee.

What a damn'd rude and rascally expression has he put into the mouth of a prince, a man of courage, and one that through the Play aimes at a *Crown* himself. To make him call a *King*, because he is not of his *Faith, Dog*: and yet at the same time *Fly to his protection*.

Almanz. Speaking of *Isabdelin* pag, 101.

"He like a Devil among the blest above,
"Can take no pleasure in your Heaven of love.

What a pretty fancied allusion I here. A *Devil in Heaven*. But granting we could suppose such a Creature there, which by the way must destroy that opinion

of the *Beatifick Presence*, yet I guess that a *Diabol* is not so in love with *Hell* and his damn'd estate, but he could take pleasure in *Heav'n* and that *blest estate* from which he fell, if he had the honour to be there again.

One thing I observe in the generality of his *allusions*, his *Allegories* are so bold that taking his *Liberty* I'll turn one of his *Similes* twenty ways to the same purpose, on the same Subject, and not vary from his fancy. As for example I'll take the forementioned lines in *Maximin*.

"He like a subtle worm has eat his way,
"And lodg'd within does on the Kernel prey.
"I creep without, and hopeless to remove
"Him hence, wait only for the Husk of Love.

And turning it to a *Rat* in a *Venison Pasty*, mark if the *Simile* be not firm, and of the two the *Fancy* the more *lofty*.

He like a subtle Rat has eat his way,
And lodg'd within does on the Venison prey.
I creep without, and hopeless to remove
Him hence, wait only for the Crust of Love.

And so a *Mouse* in a *Cheese* would do pretty well, turning the *Allegory* to the *Rind* of Love.

And if at any time he takes a *flight*, 'tis ten to one 'tis not to the purpose. As for example.

"Alman. to Almah. When e're you speak.
"Were my wounds Mortal they should still bleed on;
"And I would listen till my life were gon.
"My Soul should even for your last accent stay.
"And then shoot out, and with such speed obey;
"It should not bait at Heav'n to stop its way.

Now if these last lines were *sense* which has been proved to the contrary yet they would be absolutely *mal a propos*: for *Almanzor*, that design'd a *Compliment* to *Almahide* mistakes his *Cue* infinitely. He tells her in the first lines how long he would listen to her charming voice: but in the last in a *Rapture* he tells her, how nimbly his Soul should post away from her to *Heav'n*. If she had been there it had been something to have said how briskly he could mount to *Heav'n* after her. But she being still upon Earth, it had been a *Compliment* to have told her How tardy his soul should be when it left her though to meet *Heav'n*.

And for fancy when he lights of any thing like it, 'tis a wonder, if it be not borrow'd. As here for example of, I find this fanciful thought in his *Annus Mirabilis*.

Stanza 232. Speaking of the Fire of London.

"Old Father Thames rais'd up his reverend head,
"But feared the fate of Simoeis would return:
"Deep in his Ooze he sought his sedge bed;
"And shrunk his waters back into his Urne.

This is stolen from *Cowleys Davideis* page 9:

*Swift Jordan started, and strait backward fled,
Hiding amongst thick Reeds his Aged Head.*

Here with a little addition of his own fancy, and turning [aged head] into [reverend head] and [thick reeds] into [Ooze and Sedgy bed,] and [starting and flying backward,] into [shrinking his waters back,] he has not only given us to understand he has judgment, but how he uses it too.

But one thing I forget in his remarks on the four forementioned lines of the Author, he says [by Guilt appears] in the first line, and [seen only by their eyes whole deaths are nigh,] that the Poet affirms Guilt appears to dying men, yet in the very next he contradicts himself]

We rarely see our crimes before we dye.

What a wry faced contradiction is here? The Poet affirms that Guilt appears to men when their deaths are nigh, and that men rarely see their crimes before they come to dye, which in my opinion looks more like a Tautology than a Contradiction. He says in one place [the Poet makes so many faults that a Critick can make no clear riddance.] But he was a little wide there, for if he does not make clear riddance by such Criticisms as these, the Devil's in him.

*But since my Dagger has so feebly done,
Missing thy Breast I've sent it to my own.*

[To send a thing is to part with the possession of it, but she it seems sends the Dagger to her self.] To scribble like thee, is to part with all sense and every thing that's like it. To send a Dagger to a Mans heart is an expression older than thou art.

*Curse on weak nature with my Rage unman'd,
A Masculine heart linkt with a female hand.*

[What reason has she to fall foul upon Nature for not making her a man.] Ay what reason indeed: But for her to curse nature for not lending her an Arm as strong as a Mans, that her rage might have done more manly actions is not improper.

*Your Courteous Arm retriev'd mine from a Guilt,
Morenas hand, Morenas blood had spilt,*

[To retrieve an arm from guilt is Metaphorical nonsense.] But to reprove an arme from a guilt is not, which is the word that is spoken, though the other elcaped the Press,

Is this your thanks, &c.

[Here is excellent Grammar between [is] and [thanks] what Grammar soever 'tis, I am sure 'tis a propriety the word [thanks] has in English. *Are these your thanks.* is never said. [Thank.] is commonly a familiar word that comprehends something understood; as we say [thank Sir,] for [Sir I give you thanks.] Is this your thanks: Is this your giving me thanks, or making me a requital.

“ Your

*Your Armie's routed e're the Wars begun,
The City taken and your Empire won.*

[*To rout an Army presupposes fighting, but this was intended a flight.*] Pray what was this intended for.

Almanz. page 22. "*And when the Spaniards their assault begin,
At once beat those without, and these within.*"

This *Almanzor* speaks of himself, and sure for one man to conquer an Army within the City, and another without the City at once is something difficult, but this flight is pardonable to some we meet in *Granada*. Ofmin page 13. speaking of *Almanzor*.

"*Who like a Tempest that outrides the wind,
Made a just battle e're the bodies joyn'd.*"

Pray what does this Honourable person mean by a *Tempest that outrides the wind*. A *Tempest* that outrides it self: To suppose a *Tempest* without wind is as bad as sup-
p sing a man to walk without feet; for if he supposes the *Tempest* to be something
distinct from the wind, yet as being the effect of wind only, to come before the cause
is a little preposterous, so that if he takes it one way, or if he takes it the other, those
two ifs will scarce make one possibility.

—— Muly Hamet was ne're taught,
To back, but lead those Armies where he fought.

[*Though Muly Hamet had a Back as broad as Hercules, yet he could scarce back
whole Armies with it.*] What cannot a nimble witted Commentator find out.

His blood dear Prince shall pay for shedding thine.

[*Did his blood shed the others blood.*] If I should tell thee, this Pamphlet shall make
thee amends for the writing of thine, wouldst thou say, did this Pamphlet write the
other.

To expiate thy blood I'll let out mine.

[*His blood was good and had no crime in it*] But the shedding his blood was none
of the best deeds.

—— He, by no force withstood,
Comes now this way to sacrifice your blood.

[*To Sacrifice blood is improper.*] But for thee to write nonsense is not.

Immur'd within the walls of this strong Tower.

[*That is wall'd within the walls.*] That's, any thing to please thee.

Draw up my Forces raise my Guards.

[*The*

[The Usurper had been just told that his Army was revolted and that Muly Hamet was Proclaimed King, yet he talks of drawing up his forces and raising his Guards afterwards.]

I am afraid Commentator not Crimalbaz talks too much. Though his Army that was sent out to fight Taffalet was revolted, yet 'tis not to be supposed but the Imperial Palace in Morocco, which writers have related to be the greatest place of strength in that City, had some forces in it to defend it; But how few soever Crimalbaz had there, yet for a man of Courage to oppose a pow'r that he knew would take off his head, though with little hopes of success, is not so great a wonder as Hum Bug takes it for.

— There's not one dart
In Heav'n, that would not strike the Murderers heart
Before his hand should touch her sacred breast.

[Pray answer me one civil question: how could he be a Murderer before his hand had toucht her sacred breast?] This Question may as civilly be answered, as his objection against Treason e're it's begin in the fourth act, The resolved intention of Murder, is enough to give the man that designs it the name of Murderer. I wonder how Ben and Shakespear ventured in several of their Tragedies, as one for example in *Macbeth*, to write [enter Murderer.] at the beginning of a Scene, when the Murder for which they were so call'd was not committed till after their entrance.

Though I am fain so low,
My fortune lost I may a Beggar grow.

[That is, though my fortune be lost I may grow poor:]
As if every man that's poor must needs Beg.

I'll to a Thousand deaths my life expose,
Before I will one inch of Empire loose.

[How many lives had she to expose to a thousand deaths:]
How many years shalt thou liv'd and not heard such an expression as I'll die a thousand deaths before I'll do so or so. [An Inch of Empire is no great matter, but she is a woman that speaks it, and an Inch might be somewhat to her.]

Well said Archway: there he hits it. A smooty quibble tickles him, and is so much in his Element, that I doubt not, but a shrug and a smile attended the conception of this jest.

But I'll ask him why *Mariamne* may not be as unwilling to part with an Inch of Empire as *Almanzor* was to part with one stone out of *Granada's* walls.

pag. 12. "And he shall buy it dear what he calls,
"We will not give one stone from out these walls.

Now to repartee upon him in his own beloved style. A stone out of a City Wall is no great matter, but he is a man who speaks it, and a stone might be some what with him. Well now let our Comical friend say he is aped for something, for this balderdash is to like him, that Imitation I fear will be the last thing my Reader will accuse me of, for so facetious a thought.

*I'll sing my funeral obsequies in these Arms.
I'll Ravish her——
Then throw my self and her into the Fire,
And Arme in Arme together weel expire.*

[*He sings after her's dead*] No sure he says he will *sing* before he *dies*. And though *Funeral Obsequies* are generally sung after mens deaths, what if *Criminal* is pleased to be particular, and sing his *himself* before his death.

*What Miracle of honour has fate sent ?
Sure Heav'n acts Wonders ! Wonders ! no 'tis none—
What have th' high'r Powers to do but to take care,
Of so much Vertue and a Face so Fair ?*

[*Sure Heav'n acts Wonders, Wonders ! No 'tis none. That is the wonders is no wonder. A rare Grammarian.*]

Let it be put in the plural number. *Sure Heaven acts wonders, wonders ! No they are none. What are no wonders ?* Though in his admiration he says in the Plural number, *Sure Heaven acts wonders.* Yet when it more particularly relates to the saving of his Mistress, both the foregoing line, and the following lines shew the necessity of a singular number to express it by.

Sure Heav'n acts wonders, wonders ! No the saving of my Mistress is none. For what have the higher powers to do but to take care of so great a beauty, &c.

Subjects my homage pay but Monarchs thine.

[*To pay my homage, is to pay that homage which is my due to another person : But he means subjects pay me homage, and I pay thee.*] Is it not English for a Creditour to say to a Debtour, *Pay me my debt ? why may not pay me my homage* signifie the homage that is due to me as well.

And saves her blood to be ally'd to yours.

[*By this alliance he means marriage ; but to be married and allied are as different, as Cousin and Husband.*] Because we say *Husband and Wife* are married, therefore we are bound, if we come to particulars, to say *their bloods* are married too, and *their hands* are married.

*A nobler Passion story never writ,
That turn'd a Traytour to a Proselyte.*

[*How could story write.*] But *Historians* can write though *story* cannot. And if he finds fault with this expression, how will he be reconciled with such a one as this? *Fame reports : or some says such a thing.* *Fame* can no more *speak* than *story* can *write* ; for *Fame* is not what *speaks*, but what is *spoken* of a man : As *story* is not what *writes*, but is *written* of a man.

[*But*

[But a Proselyte is one that changes his Religion, and he is the likest to make a Tray-tour.] A very Substantial Apotegme : A man that out of a principle of Piety is converted from a Religion that he thinks *erroneous*, to one he thinks the *true*, is the likest to prove a Traytour ; which is as much as to say, a man that does his best endeavour to be good and honest, is the likest to be a Rogue. Besides in Hametahaz's case Love converted him from a Villain to an honest man : Therefore says Notes, *he is the likest to be a Villain*. But his impertinence draws towards a conclusion, and indeed 'tis high time.

Ham. I from those Eyes for ever will remove,
I cannot stand the sight of hopeless love.

In his next Speech he says.

To what e're place my wandring steps incline,
I'll fancy Empires for I'll think her mine.

[His Love is hopeless, and yet he'll think her his.] As if his Love were ever the less hopeless for his thinking her his. If a man thinking a woman his could make his Love cease to be hopeless, there needs not be such a thing as a despairing Lover in Nature : For if a Cobler were in Love with a Queen, if thinking her his own would give him hopes, who could hinder his thoughts : But if Commentatour will have it otherwise, I am his Humble Servant.

Raigning's a whole Lifes toyl, the work of Years.

[Raigning is neither a whole Lifes toyl, if the King be not Crown'd in his Cradle ; nor the work of Years in case he reign but one Year.] How severely would Elkanah have been handled if he were really guilty, and all Commentatours Objections were sense and reason. How will he reconcile this expression in his preface. [This upstart and illiterate scribler comes amongst the Poets, like one of the Earth-born Erethren, and his first business in the world is to attacke and murder all his Fellows.]

Now I am of belief that Elkanah's first business in the world (if you'll ask his Nurse) was rather as Commentatour says in the Fourth Act [To Bite, stamp, crie and roar] then to murder Poets. If he began to attacke and murder Poets in his Cradle, he was no doubt an upstart scribler indeed,

My Justice ended, now I'll meet a Crown.

[Then it seems he intends to do Justice no longer, now he is King, but to turn Rogue like Crimalhaz, or Fool like Muly Labas.]

His Justice upon Crimalhaz, I am of opinion, was ended when Crimalhaz was Executed, and yet he might be just still, and neither Fool nor Rogue,

In Love, a Day, an Hour, a Minutes bliss,
Is all flight, rapture, flame, and Extasies.

[End]

[*Is and Extasies are of several numbers,*] are they so: If I were as thee I would not take it at the Poets hands. More Extasies than one in a minutes happiness is too much.

*Loves-livelier joys so quick and swift move,
An Age in Empire's but an hour in Love.*

[*How an Age in Empire is but an hour in Love I cannot understand.*] And in troth I believe thee, for why thy *understanding* should be any clearer here than it has been all along through the Play I can't imagine. But to quicken thy apprehension, that thou mayst understand this last Line of the Play, I'll beg the favour of thee to construe these two Lines in Cowley.

*'Tis so with man, when once a Crown he wears,
The Coronation day's more than a Thousand Years.*

On the Conduct or Plot of the Play.

THis being much of a piece with the Notes on the Play, a man may start into the matter without the trouble of a formal introduction.

He tells you first [*On what foundation of nonsense this Play is built.* Morena runs away with Muly Labas from her Fathers Court, for which they are both imprison'd by his Father, and to be put to death for stealing one another. Yet in the mean time her Father is so far offended, that he is waging War against His, and coming with an Army against Morocco. In the first place she relates a thing to one who knows is her self.] And upbraids him with what she suffered for his sake.] A pretty Character of his Heroine to make her an illnatur'd fool.] This is his first objection, but in the next page he contradicts himself, and says [*Morena gives him a reason for this relation, and said it not to upbraid him.*] Very well: she does and she does not: she is an illnatur'd, and she is not an illnatur'd fool. Well argued Laureat. But next says he [*why should Muly Labas steal her away, she was her equal, and therefore her Father ought to have given his consent to the Marriage.*] At him agen Bays. Because they were equals must there be an absolute necessity of her Fathers consent? What if he design'd her for some other Prince, Muly Labas his superior, and a person whose alliance might be more for his interest. Or how if she was contracted to some other Prince whom she liked not, and forced by state interest, (a great Match-maker among Princes,) against her inclination, and therefore for Love of Muly Labas ran away with him to avoid the other. Where lyes the impossibility.

How

How many more reasons might there be for his stealing her; which if the Poet had occasion to have mention'd you should have heard of. But then why does *Muly Labas* his Father put his Son in Prison at his return? Why did *Solyman* strangle *Mustapha*? does not the Play tell him why? for a suspicion of an attempt against his Empire. [*But why will he kill them both. Tes mark the Poets reasons. He will present her Father with her head, a good way to pacify him, and make him withdraw the Siege. Sending the Lady back might have avoided the inconvenience of the War.*] A very pretty King he would make of him the whilst, to say. Here Sir take your daughter agen, I'll rid my hands of the Raggage, she shall come no more within my doores: let us be friends for I do not like bloody noses, and pray depart in peace if you love me, and you will much oblige yours to command King of Morocco.

This is the Character Mr. Dryden likes. But what if *Elkanahs* King is a little more rough and will fight him, and cares neither for his Army nor him neither: But will cut his Daughters head off, and his too if he can come at it? [*But why Muly Labas a Traytor, he a Traytor. I wonder his Father knew him no better then to suspect him of so much Wit as goes to the making one, &c.*]

Muly Labas is a Fool, a Fool, a Fool, the Parrat has so over and over agen repeated in the Play, that 'tis high time to clear him. *Muly Labas* in the true story was but twelve years of age when he came to the Crown: and through the whole Play, the Author has made him, though no great part, yet a man that does nothing but what reason and Circumstances would convince a Judicious man ought to be done: and if he has any fault 'tis his believing his Mother Honest; and if at any time he's misled by her, 'tis by a credulity that might very probably be imposed by a Mother upon a Son; she having to his knowledge acted nothing that should make him believe otherwise.

But I wonder of all objections how this came from him, knowing how guilty he has been in the Character of a *Boabdelin*, a man that is not only a Coward, and one that in his Armes head dares not touch an insolent Fellow that he fears Cuckolds him, nay one whom he is certain his Wife Loves better then himself, and for looth out of a fear of his subjects displeasure. But that fear might be taken off, (a very pretty King the while) by exposing *Almanzors* insolence to his Army, who though they loved his Conduct, and Courage, would certainly consent or at least pardon their dutiful and humble King, for a peice of Justice don on so arrogant an abuser of Majesty.

But another fault he finds against *Muly Labas* his demonstration of his Innocence to *Morena*.

— Can he think so soul
A thought as Treason harbours in his Soul
Which does *Morena's* Sacred Image bear?
No shape of ill can come within her Sphear.

[He was in Love with *Morena* therefore Innocent.] What a mighty offender against sense and reason is his King for Complimenting his Mistress

[Then enters Queen Mother, and tells *Muly Labas*, his Father is dead suddenly, and relates the manner of it, with all the Circumstances; yet afterwards being alone with *Crimalhaz* whom she procured to poison her Husband, she desires him to relate the manner, of it, of which she could not be ignorant. She who was whored by him, and set him on, could not but know the Circumstances also.] Here in our Commentators Phrase Impertinence is pretty thick sown. First because the Queen gives her Son a forged relation of her Husbands death, therefore she must needs know the true circumstances

ces: and next because *she set Crimalbaz a work* therefore she must know all particulars of his dying within half an hour after his death. The particulars of the *conspiracy* I grant she understood, but how could she know the particulars of the *success* of it, unless she had singled out *Crimalbaz* privately for the knowledge. But how if the publick concern for the sudden death of the King gave 'em no opportunity till now. For as I take it the Queen did not ask him, *How did you contrive his death?*

But. *How did the King, how did the poyson take?*

[*But mark how ridiculously he contrives in the person of this great Plotter the Queen Mother. First she makes a politick speech to say her Son is not ripe for ruine till they have undermin'd his absent General. The General was absent his return uncertain.*] That is his Navy came in disguise up the River Tensist, for he enter'd Morocco the next Morning, which was more then they could know he would do, so long before-hand.

[*Besides her Son being in Prison, and the City at her disposing, she and her Gallant had a much fairer game to play if they immediately possessed themselves of the Crown now in their reach, then if they waited for the Generals return, who was a friend to the King, and whom they were not certain they could render suspected to him.*]

Oh wondrous Politician, what does he mean by *possessing themselves of the Crown now in their reach*? They might break open the old Emperors Closet, and Seize his Turbat and his Robes, and dress *Crimalbaz* in his habit, is that *setting up for a King*? If he means by the *Crown* the *Imperial pow'r* 'tis nonsense. How could he set himself up for a King when all the *Forces of Morocco*, were under *Muly Hamets Command*, and he entering into the City, who besides his being *Friend to Muly Labas*, was himself a nearer heir to the Crown then *Crimalbaz* and no doubt would have been far from *complimenting* him with what was his own right, especially being so many thousand strong as he was to argue the case with him, if occasion had been. But our *Commentators* opinion of *Kings* and *Crowns* moves excentrick to every body's else. What *Puppets* does he make of them. But the silliness of this remark shall be paid by, for the *Introduction* of another so much beyond it, that nothing can be more ridiculous. [*The second act (he says) has little business in it except Muly Hamets return with the Fleet*]

But now for *Elkanahs Thefts* from his *Cotemporaries* as was urged against him in the *Preface*.

[*His Muly Hamets Character is an imitation of Porphyrius.*] And why? because they both bring home an Army to their Kings aid; [*Compare the verses and the Theft will be visible.*]

Maxim. " *Porphyrius, whom you Egypts Prator made*
" *Is come from Alexandria to your aid.*

Morocco *Hearing whose force Morocco will invade*
I have brought home your Army to your aid, &c.

[*His Hametalhaz is likewise as plainly stolt from Placidius: Placidius env'y'd Porphyrius, Hametalhaz, Muly Hamet.*]

Placid. " *May all the Curses envy ever knew*
" *Or could invent, Porphyrius perjure.*

Hametal,

Hām. *But in Morocco his high pride may find
His name less Glorious, and his Stars less kind.*

But by the way where lyes Hametalhaꝝ his envy, could not he conspire against Muly Hamet, to make his name less Glorious, but it must be done out of Envy? Hametalhaꝝ was but a Subminister to Crimalhaꝝ, and acted only for reward, if there was Envy in the case twa. between Crimalhaꝝ and Muly Hamet, not him and Muly Hamet.

[*The Image of Morena is taken from Cydaria: They both desire their Fathers should be spared in the Battel: And Cortez and Muly Hamets answer are the same in effect.*]

Cortez. *"The edge of War I'll from the battel take,
"And spare your Fathers Subjects for your sake.*

Morocco. *But the rough hand of War more gentle make;
And spare his blood for his Morena's sake:*

Muly H. *We only do aspire to this great end
To make your Father not our Prize but friend.*

Muly Hamet will spare her Father for her sake. And Cortez her Fathers Subjects. But that's the same thing sparing a King, or his Subjects.

What a discovery has this Manslayer of a Critick found. Because two Generals bring home their Kings Armies to their assistance, and because Hametalhaꝝ has a spight against Muly Hamet, and Placidius against Porphyrius, therefore Elkanahs Characters are stoln from Mr. Drydens. And because Morena says pray Sir take care you hurt not my Father, and Cydaria says the same; therefore their Characters too are the same. Does this grave Scribler that talks so much of judgment, make an expression of two lines a Character? at that rate I may say all men have one Character; for 'tis ten to one but you shall hear 'em at one time or other say the same thing. Suppose one man should say *what a Clock is it*, and another, *what time of day is it*, are their Characters the same then? But to prate like him, you shall see whence his Characters are taken. Almanzor is a Copy of Sir Martin Marral, mark but their expressions and the theft will be visible. Almanzor was said to be of a Rough and unfashion'd nature, that is, he was not bred up to singing and dancing, but was an excellent Warriour. So Sir Martin understood neither singing, dancing, Musick nor Poetry, but when he beats the Bailiffs, he Cryes, *Victoria, Victoria*, Mr. Millisent must acknowledge him for a Sword-man. Besides Almanzor when he heard *Almabide* accused of Adultery, says,

*"'Tis false: she is not ill, nor can she be,
"She must be chaste because she's loved by me.*

And when Sir Martin heard Mrs. Millisent had been accused of unchastity by Warner, he says, *Come hither you wicked Varlet: fruitful in nothing but lyes, how durst you cast your Venome on such a Saint as Mrs. Millisent, to traduce her Virtue and say it was Adulterate.*

His Cortez and Abdalla in Granada are the same Characters, for Cortez desires to get into the Tower where Almeria and his Mistress Cydaria were together. And Abdalla desires Lyndaraxa to open the Altayzin Gate to let him in to her; and both are but borrow'd from the Ballat of Sweet open the door and let me come in,

Nay

Nay his *Berenice*, and his *Cydaria*, are exactly the same, *Berenice* Loves *Porphyrius*, who is a *General*, and *Cydaria* loves *Cortez* who is another. His *Boabdclin* and *Almahide* are the same with *Bisket* and his *Wife* in *Epsom Wells*, with a little alteration: *Boabdclin* makes his wife send for her Gallant *Almanzor*, and *Mrs. Bisket* sends her Husband for *Mr. Rains*, to come and Play at *Cribbage* with her. Only *Bisket* is but a *City Pimp*, and *Boabdclin* a *Pimp Royal*.

Another fault he finds that [*Ekanah* has given into his Heroes hands the Conquest of a Town more then is his right] What if there had never been such a man as *Muly Hamet*, and the Poet had rais'd up a Character and given twice as much into his hands, the fault had not been impardonable, especially when he sees his *Elder* make bold with one *Maximin Emperor* of *Rome* for another.

Muly Labas. Lead on

*Muly Hamet. Lead on: and all that kneel to you
Shall bow to me; this Conquest makes it due.*

['Tis not very *Heroick* in his Heroe to assume to himself the Conquest of his Mistress, nor favours of good manners to tell the Emperor 'tis his due.] As for good manners to a King that I wonder he took notice of, since *Almanzor* makes so little Ceremony with Kings. But if his Conquering his Mistress be not *Heroick* what is this?

Page 95 Enter to *Almanzor* Queen *Almahide* wearing a Scarfe.

Almanz. " So *Venus* moves when to the *Thunderer*,
" In Smiles and tears she would some sure prefer,
" When with her *Cestus* girt,
" And drawn by *Doves*, she cuts the yielding Skies
" And kindles gentle fires where'er she flies.
" To every eye a Goddess is confest,
" By all the Heavenly Nation she is blest:
" And each with secret joy admits her to his breast.
" Madam your new Commands I come to know, [to her bowing]
" If yet you can have any where I go:
" If to the Regions of the dead they be,
" You take the speediest course to send by Me.

Here *Almanzor* is a little *Heroick* to compare himself to *Jupiter* and his Mistress to a maudlin *Venus* that comes a whining to him. But observe the rising of the Fancy: *Almanzor* is the *Thunderer*, in the first lines, and his Mistress the petitioning *Venus*. But in the last she's the *Thunderer*, and he the *Venus*: there he begs her commands, nay and is so far from the God he was in the first line, that poor mortal he's going to the Regions of the dead. But one thing I must not pass by of the Authors Plot here. This Scarfe which she weares she gives *Almanzor*, which makes the business of a whole act with *Jealousies*, and *rants*, and *Conundrums* in *Boabdclins* Pate who first gave it her as a token of his Love, A very great present from a King to a Queen. A Hood a suite of knon, or a pare of *Pendants* had been as noble. But he remembered a jealousy occasioned by a Handkercher in the *Moor of Venice*: and so enlarged upon that foundation as wittily as a man could desire.

[*Muly Hamet* has a Ring given him by virtue of which he visits the Queen Mother where he surprizes *Crimalhaz* and her a sleep together. First 'tis to be considered that the Emperor, gave this Ring in publick, so the Queen and *Crimalhaz* had fair warning of their danger.]

The

The Emperors Signet was given him in the presence of his Queen his Sister and some Nobility that attended him, now would I ask Mr. Commentator which of these was *Crimalhaz*, his confidant in his Intrigue with *Laula*, or which should be the Pimp to give him this warning, besides 'tis not six Minutes after the receipt of this Ring before he visits the Queen, and he must be very nimble that should carry the Intelligence before him, [But then how could Muly Hamet get into the Queens Lodgings without the notice of some of her Attendants,] now pray why must all her Attendants be privy to hers and *Crimalhaz* his interview. The Author tells you that *Achmar* the Eunuch introduced him. But says he [why did he not stop him he knew what was doing within,] Now does he think such a Fellow at the Surprize of so great a person, and so Commanding an Authority as the Kings Signet durst oppose his Entrance. [But how came *Crimalhaz* to the Queens rescue he had not the Emperors Signet too. Did he drop from the Clouds] what does this Critick take a Seraglio for, a Post-House: a building set out of the Common walk of mankind? the Seraglio was an apartment in the Pallace. How impossible then is it that *Crimalhaz* might fortunately be within the hearing of the Queens supposd out-cry: and where in lyes the impossibility of a Gentlemans running in to a Ladys rescue though on forbidden ground. [But Muly Hamet says nothing in his defence to the purpose,] what should he say? he tells you.

*My single voice a vain defence will make,
Where so much witness and a Mother speak.*

[A very well bred Heroe to be hang'd in pure respect to her who accused him.]

*Believe me her intended Ravisher,
Appearing so I take the guilt from her!
Their false Impeachments do this comfort bring,
That I may wear that Cloud would shade a King.*

Now wherein is his fault in desiring to appear guilty for the saving of a Kings Honour? or wherein has he any probable means of clearing himself, pleading but in his own cause, against the Chastity of the Kings Mother too.

[But Muly Hamet offers the duel to *Crimalhaz* in these words.]

*To this Adulterer your leave afford,
To vindicate his Treason by his sword:
That Justice by my hand may give him death,
And stifle with his blood his perjured breath.*

[The King who always takes things in the wrong instead of granting the Combat to Muly Hamet, thinks his offering it a proof of his guilt, in these words.]

*If you this rash attempt pursue,
You'll make me credit what he says is true.*

[That is, if you offer to clear your self I shall conclude you guilty: admirably argued.] Yes indeed admirably. As if his Conquering *Crimalhaz* (if the duel had been granted) had been a confirmation of his Innocence. He's for his Knight-errantry agen, amongst his *Zulema*, and *Hamet*, *Atmanzor*, and *Osmyr*. This is a great proof of a mans Innocence. Then all Valiant men can commit no Capital crime, if the daring to fight may clear 'em. For if they are Innocent they are fools if they do not

fight their *Accusers* : If guilty they are *madmen* ; for if they submit to the *Law* they must dye : but in a *Duel* they have an *even chance* for their *lives*, besides if they fall in a *Duel*, they dye more *honourably* then by a *sentence*.

[But why should the *Queen-Mother*, be the woman that should save Muly Hamet, & gainst her own *Character* and *Interest*.]

But hold! the King will then my cheat descry:
I wish his death, who tamely see him dye.

[What reason had she to care if the King knew she desired Muly Hamets death for attempting a rape upon her.] Yes dear heart, 'tis both agreeing with her *Character* and *Interest* to save him. First to make his attempt of Ravishing her more *probable*, she did not say that Muly Hamet flew upon her without any provocation, [as Bays observes] for she confesses she used him so kindly (as above twenty lines, which she speaks, affirm) that she was partly an accessory to his attempt, by his mistaking her kind usage for *Love* which was only *Civility*: and therefore by the rules of her *Character* which was to appear a *Saint* to her Son, she would not seem consenting to the *Punishment* of a *Crime* will she had in some respect been *Instrument* to. Besides it was much for the clearing her *Innocence* to beg her accusers life, for by that she seem'd to defie all *Arguments* that possible he if he lived might make out towards the clearing himself, and the impeaching her.

[But Mariannes freeing Muly Hamet in Prison because he had been false to Love, and would have Ravish'd her Mother is a senseless Generosity.] The reason the Poet gives you in the Play is not so senseless.

Mar. Sir you mistake my kindness. I have lent
Your freedom onely as your Banishment,
That being releast you might Morocco fly,
Removed at once both from my heart and eye, &c.

[But how knew she he was in Prison, she was not by when he was committed, and yet within twelve lines has bribed his Faylour for his Delivery.]

What a mighty leap is here. Pray let me know how Cortez when he found Orbellan in his Tent, could be supposed with only changing the Scene, and not one word spoken, to go out of his Pavilion, and reenter farr enough from the Camp for a General to fight a *Duel*; especially when 'tis supposed a Generals Tent lyes in the heart of the Camp, and the *Taxallans* Army was so numerous. But when all's done, [beere a Babel for a Morocco] and to have made it a greater heap of confusion he tells you in a reprinted *Errata*, that there should be more of his Notes, a whole sheet being lost at the Press; but 'tis such a loss that his Generous Reader no doubt will pardon, which is a favour those sheets which are not lost can hardly expect.

POSTSCRIPT.

TO talke in our Authors Postscript style of such Jimeracks as [Mathematical Philosophical, and Musical headpeices for the compleating an excellent Poet;] or to answer him in Trigonometrical, Metaphysical, and Monochordical Fustian is not to the purpose. Nor is the answering of his Errata on the Epistle worth the while, there being so little appearance of sense in it, except his proving a trifle, and a Libel to be the same thing, which is the cheife head of the Discourse, most part of his objections against particular lines through the Play, being before examined amongst their Neighbours. All the Apology I have to make is to beg some of my Readers pardons for the length of the Book, most part of mankind being before convinced of the invalidity of most of his idle Cavils, who consequently will esteem the examination of the whole superfluous. But all I can say for the tediousness of this Pamphlet is, that (as Mr. Dryden says of *Elkanahs Play*, [several people are delighted with the sound of Robustuous nonsense]) so some few that read his *Pamphlet* may take the same pleasure in *Feeble nonsense*, and for ought I know be cheated into an esteem of any thing that comes from so received an Author as a *Dryden*. And therefore to disabuse them, has been the occasion of swelling the Book. In all the faults I have mustred against Mr. *Drydens Granada*, or any other of his writings I declare I have not objected anything but what I think a gross mistake, Bombast, or humble nonsense. Had I retorted like him, I might have made such an examination of a whole Play as I have done of his Description of Ships in the Indian Emperor, and no doubt it might have met with the same success as his Notes upon *Morocco*.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

IN the Second Page of the Preface Line the 8. for *retort* upon read *reply* to. *ibid.* l. 29. r. abuses to, p. 6. l. 6. for *doubtless* r. *hopeless*, p. 15. l. 1. and l. 3. r. *Gigantickness*, p. 30. l. 26. r. *looks*, v. 34. l. 24. Dele. *yet noibing*, &c. p. 36. l. 25. r. *i Gods name*, p. 39. l. 40. for *England* r. *Cbristendom*, p. 40. l. 8. place *viz.* at the beginning of the Line, p. 43. l. 7. for *where* r. *were*, p. 44. l. 20. r. *King*, v. 49. l. 8. r. *his Pamphlet*, p. 51. l. 35. r. *yet such*, p. 60. l. 27. r. *A much different kindnes* from him to *what*, *ibid.* 37. r. *is his*, p. 77. l. 20. Dele. *the*, p. 80. l. 26. r. *In the*, p. 81. l. 7. r. *Yet Tides do not wind in Volumes, but come directly back (if their Current lyes straight.)* This Errata is corrected through half the Impression, p. 83. l. 24. r. *which* for *with*, 84. l. 1. for *wars* r. *war's*.

